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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839. NO. 962.---VOL. XVIII.—NO. 10.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

(From the New York Observer.)

DR. HUMPHREY'S THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

Promptitude and Strict Punctuality.

You will observe some children, in families where you visit, if not in your own, that are never ready to go at the first bidding. They must be requested or commanded to do some little thing, twice, perhaps three or four times, before they can be induced to move. They do not mean to break the fifth commandment, but on the contrary to honor and obey their parents, in all things. They are not quiteready, however, and they are sure it makes no difference, whether they go this minute or the next. They want to read to the next paragraph, or to hear a story through, or to warm themselves a little longer, or to be indulged in some other equally frivolous excuse for lingering. Now this is a very bad habit, which ought never to be winked at, and which indeed is never formed, but under mistaken parental indulgence. If your child does not hear and obey you the first time how can you be sure that he will the second, or even the third, unless the loud and altered tone of your voice should convince him, that you are quite out of patience, and that it will not do to linger any longer? How often do children, when they have no thought of disobeying, wait till the *chore* is forgotten, or the parent is obliged to do it himself, of which, however, he has no right to complain, as it is his own fault. But the injury to *them* is very great, in thus early allowing them to form habits of procrastination, which they will be very apt to carry along with them through life; and which, I need not to say, will be extremely inconvenient both to themselves and their friends. 'Samuel, my son, such a thing is wanted, will you attend to it?' 'Yes sir'—and then reads on. 'Samuel did you hear me? The fire is getting low, or your mother wants your assistance.' Still the boy is not *quite* ready to start. Then *start* him, and in such a way that he will not hereafter mistake the *tenses*; and he will thank you for it as long as you live.

So when you send your children upon errands, or permit them to visit their little playmates, and fix the hour for their return, it is vastly important that you strenuously insist upon punctuality; not because their time is so vauble, for it may be worth very little, or nothing to you after they come back. But aside from your own convenience, in knowing that the errand is done, and where your children are when out of sight, the habit of adhering to the letter of your instructions, is so essential to their future usefulness and well-being, that parental laxity on this point, may be followed, and I have no doubt often is, by irreparable losses of property, if not of character. The child may plead that he was urged to overstay *his* time, or to go off some where else to play, and that he was sure you would have given him leave, had you been there; and it may all be very true—but beware how you listen to such excuses. They go to sap the foundation of your authority, at the same time that he is forming a habit so mischievous to himself.

Order and Neatness.

Children are scarcely more prone to 'go astray as soon as they are born,' than they are to leave their toys in the middle of the floor, and as they grow older, to throw down their books, hats, bonnets, cloaks, &c. just where they happen to be—to strow their apparel about their sleeping rooms, as if the witches had been there half the night; and to put every thing out of place, wherever you can trace their meddling fingers. How necessary is it, therefore, that you should take them in the gristle, if you would save *yourselves* infinite trouble, and *them* the manifold evils of those slovenly habits. It is greatly owing, I have no doubt, to the neglect of parents in this particular, that so many boys, when they are going from home to school, need one or two servants apiece to keep track of their shoes and stockings; and that when their mothers and sisters come to visit them afterwards in College, it is so difficult to thread their way to the fire-place, owing to the 'permutation and combination' of old boots, hats, coats, inexpressibles, apple cores, walnut shells, &c. which in all changes of a week or a month, experience no disturbance from Connecticut river broom-corn and English bristles.

This leads me to remark, that however clean and tidy some few children may be, without much motherly oversight, these are only the exceptions. Dreadful as the *hydrophobia* is, a vast many children have it in the nursery, and it is hard to cure them, though for the most part they live along, strangely. What they do not eat of their 'peck of dirt,' they contrive to carry to school upon their hands and faces, more especially the latter, along with their satchels, to the no small inconvenience of the master, when he has to leave off mending pens and 'putting out words' to scour them in the snow drift, or hail bank, (the latter is always the best when it can be got at,) as I recollect sometimes to have done in my early school-keeping days, when other remedies proved ineffectual. As physiologists tell us, that the whole substance of a human body is shed and produced several times in the course of life, I do not suppose that a boy will necessarily carry his dingy cuticle very high up into his teens, even though, as my grandmother used to express it, the dirt should be *ground in*; but it is past all doubt, that if children are allowed early to contract the habit of neglecting their persons, as their hair and hands and faces, they will either be slovens and slatterns through life, or be put to a great deal of trouble in changing the habit.

Shutting Doors.

Although there are many greater calamities, there is hardly anything more annoying, or *fretting*, in our cold climate, than to have the doors left open all over the house, as fast as you can shut them; but this you must submit to, and *shiver* under, without you take special pains to create a *brand-new* habit, in your rising families. Reed, Brown, and Stewart, and I know not how many other philosophers, tell us about certain *first* or *primary* truths. Whether our children have all these in their mental constitution, or not, one thing is certain, that while the phrenological faculty of *opening* is very large, and very early developed, they have no natural faculty of *shutting* any thing at all. As I said before, you must *create* it when ever you can find a place in the cranium which is not pre-occupied. A child no more thinks of closing a door after him, without being *educated* to it, than of keeping his mouth shut while older people are talking, or doing the sexton's duty on the Sabbath. But on this branch of domestic education, I have only two or three simple rules to lay down.

1. When the child leaves the door of your sitting room open, wait till he has got some distance on his way to school, or to play, and then call him back to shut it. Try the experiment for a fortnight, taking care never to let him escape you, and see how it operates.

2. If it fails, let him stand in the current of cold air, (the outer door being left open, so much the better,) first, five minutes, then ten minutes, then fifteen, and so on, till you have fairly tried the efficacy of the air-bath for his cure.

3. And lastly, if this does not do, wait, in a bitter cold night, till he just begins to get warm in bed, and then call him down to shut the door after him. Next, wait till he is sound asleep, and then wake him and bring him down, as before. By this time, it is probable that the bump of *opening* will be considerably reduced, and that the *shutting* faculty will begin to show itself.

A SPECIMEN OF WELCH LITERATURE.

The Welch poetical triads are part of a species of literature, with which the reader may not be acquainted, as the Welch is not taught in this country either as a living or a dead language.—The following specimen contains many valuable observations expressed with singular brevity:

The three foundations of genius are—the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first questions of genius—an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares follow it.

The three things indispensable to genius—understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that ennoble genius—vigor, discretion, and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius, extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius—proper exertion, frequent exertion, and succesful exertion.

The three things that support genius—prosperity, social qualifications, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry—endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought.

NEW CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

As some assistance to calculate the progress which church building has already made in various parts of the kingdom, the following letters on the subject from the Bishops of London, Winchester, Chester, and Gloucester, will be found highly interesting. They are addressed to Dr. Dealtry, the Chancellor of Winchester, from whose recent charge they are extracted:—

'The building of new churches within my diocese,' observes the Bishop of Winchester, 'is steadily advancing. Since I delivered my charge in October last year, not a few have been added to the number then reported. Up to the 8th September, the whole number consecrated by me within the last ten years in this diocese, amounts to fifty-six. During the same period, between two and three hundred more have been enlarged or improved. And in token that the disposition to provide accomdation is not abated, I need only add that in addition to the above, twenty-seven other churches are now in various stages of progress.'

The Bishop of London, under date of August 15th, writes thus:—'I am thankful for being able to say that if I live over Monday next, I shall have consecrated eighty four churches, twenty-seven of these in the diocese of London; five of these last have been built by means of the Metropolis Churches Fund, and arrangements have been made by us for the erection of twenty-one more; besides which, five others are in progress in my diocese; and if I should be spared to witness their completion, I shall have consecrated one hundred and ten churches; but I reckon confidently on a larger number being built in my diocese within the next few years, for the spirit is spreading. It is proper to state that in the foregoing number eight were re-buildings on an enlarged scale.'

From the Bishop of Chester:—'The number of churches consecrated by me during the ten years of my episcopate is one hundred and three. Churches now building in the diocese, thirty-five. Chapels and Oratories, not consecrated, but having their own ministers and congregations, twenty. The sum employed upon Churches during the last three years exceeds £150,000. I am happy to say that the spirit is not exhausted, and that I am constantly hearing of new designs.' (September.)

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol states:—'The number of Churches which I have already consecrated is eight, six of which are large ones, one only had been begun in the time of my predecessor. Six new churches (all of considerable dimensions) are in the course of erection, and some almost ready for consecration. All these are in the ancient diocese of Gloucester. Schemes are in preparation for erecting seven or eight other churches to which grants have been already voted by our Diocesan Association. And I entertain sanguine hopes that many will, ere long, be taken in hand in Bristol and other populous places.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor.—It was my good fortune once to superintend a Sunday School in old Haven—an interesting school in the hands of zealous teachers. The only difficulty I found was that at our Teachers' meetings, the teachers, being somewhat inexperienced, thought they had nothing worth saying—the consequence where of was loss of much precious time in unfruitful silence—we had a Basket placed at the door every alternate meeting in which anonymous pieces were placed to be read. The following was one, which if it is not behind the age, may give a useful hint or two besides amusing some of your readers.

Yours, DAVID DIFFIDENT.

I wish our conversation at these meetings might be more free and general. I would not hesitate to go without sleep a whole night, if by so doing I could devise some plan to make our Teachers' meetings as interesting as I think they might be made to us all. I am sure I cannot see any reason why these meetings should not be as social and lively and easy as an ordinary party of friends and neighbors. True, scandal is excluded, and we do not feel free to indulge in many personalities which give life to common conversation. But it is to be hoped that scandal and personality are not the most fruitful topics of interest—and for my part I do not see what there can be to freeze our thoughts and feelings upon subjects so interesting to all as the Bible and the Sunday School.

I will take for granted a moment, what I do not believe, however, that the only or chief object of a Teacher's meeting is to learn—to discover truth—to get information about the Bible, if you please. And I think, that even this object would be best promoted by a free and general expression of our sentiments. You say, I came here to gain knowledge from those who have studied and thought more than myself—not to intrude my own half formed opinions needlessly. To this I would answer that I know no better way of having a whole opinion, than by expressing the half we already have, and thus inducing some one else to make up the other half. Besides I do not believe that truth is a thing to be poured from one mind into another just as water is poured from vessel to vessel. Words may fall upon the listening ear—thoughts may sink into the memory—but truth cannot be good for any thing to us, unless our minds and hearts act upon it. Our memories may be stored with words of truth, but if we have received them passively—they will not be of much more use to us than if they were hidden from us under the covers of a sealed book. There they lie in the memory, but they have not quickened our minds nor warmed our hearts. The Bible contains the words of truth—but properly speaking it contains *only* the words—the thoughts which answer to the words are deep in our own minds and hearts and consciences. When therefore we listen to what another tells us concerning the Bible we only learn what thoughts the words excite in his mind—what echoes they awaken there. But every one has peculiar thoughts corresponding to the words of the Bible, and how shall we learn what the truth is unless we express and compare the thoughts which we all severally have? Mr. Alcott's comparison is a happy one. Our minds are like so many lakes, and truths are so many pearls at the bottom of these lakes—and if we would discover truth we must dive down into our minds and fish up thought—and when we have dived and brought up the shining thought to the surface—in other words expressed it in conversation—we can all look at it together and say whether it is real pearl or only something like pearl. This is the only way I know of to discover truth—I like Mr. Alcott's image, as I said, but I think of another which seems to me a better one. I would compare the mind when it is alone to a vast, deep and dark chamber full of precious treasures. When we come together and engage in earnest and lively conversation, there is a collision like the collision of flint and steel, whereby sparks are struck out which shed a gleam through the dark chamber of our several minds, and enable us to see many thoughts treasured up there, which we were not conscious of before.

I have been thus far upon the supposition that the great purpose of these meetings is to learn truth, and I say that even this purpose is best answered by general and unreserved conversation. To express the thoughts which we already have is one of the surest ways to gain more. If the thoughts we have are true, then by expressing them and hearing others express the same will deepen our conviction of that truth, and if our thoughts are erroneous there is no surer way of clearing our minds from them, than to express them,—and compare them with others. But now I take back the supposition which was made, and suggest a doubt whether learning is the only object of these meetings—whether, on the contrary, one great object of a Teacher's meeting be not to quicken each others minds and animate each others hearts. We want not so much to learn new truth, as to brighten up old and familiar and important truth, and make it live fresh in our minds—and how shall this be done except by a free, mutual expression of thought and sentiment? Solomon was a social as well as a wise man, and he says among his proverbs—'Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' Again, 'as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.' I wish these sentences might be made mottoes for our meetings. It is a pity that all the precious thoughts which I know are working in the depths of our still minds should be lost—that to 'many a gem,' in the words of a favorite bard—so

'Many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
that so
Many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

I trust these few thoughts, which I have angled up from my own mind somewhat carelessly, may not be wholly unavailing to enliven our meetings, at least this one.

For the Register and Observer.

BURYING ALIVE.

Mr. Editor;—I am glad to find you once more calling attention in your last paper to the subject of premature interments. When there is so much reason to believe that many unfortunate persons are buried alive, no pains ought to be spared to rid our country of the dreadful custom of hurrying the dead to their graves. As every fact relating to this subject is of some interest, I send you one which I just met with.

E. N. T.

A memoir was read at a recent session of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, detailing some curious facts in the life of a man who was buried alive. M. Morel was a Lieutenant in the Army of Egypt, and at the memorable battle of St. Jean d'Acre, he had both his thighs broken by a grape shot. When he had nearly recovered from the effects of this wound, he was attacked with the plague, and conveyed to the hospital, where he grew worse rapidly—lost all sensation, was pronounced dead, and with a number of corpses of those who had died of the same disease, he was thrown into a ditch. Soon after one of the soldiers on guard in that vicinity, was much astonished at seeing one of the dead men standing bolt upright! He hastened to his assistance, and Morel was again conveyed to the hospital. In a few days after, he was again attacked with a fit of lethargy, and believed to be dead. This time he was wrapped in a linen cloth and buried in the sand. In the night a high wind arose, which displaced the sand which covered his body—and caused the unfortunate man to awake. He tore off his winding-sheet, and crept towards the hospital—where he remained a long time before he recovered his general health—but he did not recover the faculties of speech or hearing, until several years after he entered the Hospital of Invalids at Avignon. He is now sixty-seven years old, and has the appearance of a decrepid old woman, being hardly able to walk.

A NEW SCHEME FOR THE PROMOTION OF CHRISTIAN UNION.

The present distractions of the Presbyterian Church in this country are turning the attention of many good men in that communion to an examination of the claims of Congregationalism as a system of church government and discipline. We notice also another result.

We allude to an association, composed of a number of ministers and churches in the interior of New-York; most of the members of which were recently, we believe, in connection with the Presbyterian church; and the object of which is to promote Christian union between all believers in Christ, by destroying the spirit and defences of sectarianism.—This body embraces some men of distinction in the Christian world, as Gerrit Smith and William Goodell; and is at present remarkable only for the piety and zeal of its members. A weekly paper, called the Union Herald, published at Cazenovia, and edited by a Mr. Myrick, is the organ of the body. They have held two or more conventions, for the promotion of their object, and issued a declaration of their sentiments. From this document we learn that they regard *creeds* to be the chief support of sectarianism; and sectarianism to be the source of almost all the discord of the Christian world. They accordingly call upon all the members of other denominations, as they fear God, to leave the churches to which they belong and unite with them, or to organize churches, without creeds, which shall admit to membership any person who gives credible evidence of faith in Christ. —*Connecticut Observer.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A LAW CASE.

Duty vs. Appetite.

Report of an adjudged case in the High Chancery of Justice, his Honor, Universal Reason, on the Bench.

(Reported for the Christian Register by authority.)

The above was a case in which *Duty* brought an action against *Appetite* in behalf of a certain Corporation called MAN, alias HUMANITY, of which they were both members.

In so doing, the Plaintiff prayed, that 'inquiry might be made,' and 'Judgment had' of the Defendant, for certain malfractions, misdemeanors, and felonies, whereby several members of said Corporation were injured, or at least debarred from the performance of their appropriate duties, and enjoyment of their just and natural rights; to wit, Will was impeded in his functions: Moral Sense perverted in his action; Imagination, Memory and Judgment, with other, their fellow members of said Corporation, were not only restricted in the discharge of their lawful duties, but forced out of their proper places to the manifest detriment of themselves and the whole Corporation aforesaid.

The indictment was very long, very wordy, and full of antique and quaint forms of expression. For these and other reasons it is omittted by the reporter, only its substance being given without the form. It set forth,

1. That the defendant did at certain times and places (named in the Bill) consume certain immense, and specified quantities of *solids* and *liquids*, especially the latter, for his sole gratification, whereby he did not only desert his own duty, but did seriously injure his fellow-members of the said Corporation, bringing it and them into imminent and deadly peril.

2. That for his own comfort and advantage, he did force the other members into certain perilous situations, (alike dangerous to their reputation and their safety) to their notorious injury and imminent destruction.

3. That without 'leave asked and obtained,' for his own advantage solely, he did force into his service sundry of the said members, compelling them to perform certain functions highly dangerous in their nature, and sensual in their kind; whereby the safety of the whole Corporation was brought into great danger.

4. That he did at certain times rebel against *Prudence* his leige lord, and superior.

5. That he had finally been guilty of insubordination and contumacy,—even of sedition against Lord WILL the sovereign head of the said Corporation, and had stirred up other members to revolt.

Upon all these courts he stood indicted. The crime charged upon him was called Felony, though it would evidently amount to constructive or accumulative Treason.

The Plaintiff's counsel was *Conscience*. In behalf of the defendant, appeared the two famous Baristers *Legality* and *Expediency*.

[There were no persons to decide upon the case. Lord Chancellor Reason determined upon the Facts and the Law. His decision was to be final for this and the court of ultimate appeal. This note is by the reporter.]

The case had already passed through the subordinate courts of Honor, Conventionalism and Common Sense. In each of these the Plaintiff had been non-suited, though it was not doubted he could substantiate all the charges of the indictment. The ground on which his suit had been rejected in the two former courts were as follows, viz. the absence of any precise and definite statute relating to such cases. None such could be found in the books of acknowledged authority and universal use. The counsel had received a severe reprimand from their Honors the Judges of the two courts, for presuming to bring an action before their Benches, when there was no express statute forbidding, in letter, the deeds, and overt acts alleged against the defendant. To this the counsel had replied by opening the Statute Book of Nature and Reason, at the Book treating 'of Man,'—and citing therefrom passages forbidding expressly and 'in good set phrase' each of those overt acts charged upon him, the defendant. Furthermore, he quoted precedents to show that so early that 'the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' judgment 'had been had' for such felonies as the defendant stood charged withal.

His Honor the Judge at the court of Conventionalism, asked him [with something like a sneer.] if he fancied that Statute Book to be good Law in the Nineteenth Century, and at Artifice Hall. The learned counsel hereupon attempted to establish the following points, touching his Honor's question.

1. The Laws of NATURE and REASON were still in force, because none but their maker, or an higher authority could repeal, or annul the same. The original framer of the Statute, was the GREAT KING by whose charter the Corporation of man existed, and claimed Rights. He had never published any repeal of the said Statute.

2. The partial and local laws, or usages, could never set aside the universal and eternal Statute of Nature and Reason. For Nature and Reason were an whole, and consequently superior to any of their parts. Local and temporal authorities were only parts of this absolute authority.

3. It was clear this Statute was good common Law, part of the Law of the Land, for the Law-makers in all Assemblies, Parliaments and Congresses, no less than Judges in the several courts, rarely speak without reference to this very Statute: and finally that all men do continually appeal to those Statutes as foundation of all right and all Law. He had just proved the fact of this appeal and citation, showing that NATURE and REASON were *de jure*, the supreme legislators, and was about making an application to the case before the court, when he was interrupted and silenced by his Honor. He was judged to have been guilty of 'an high contempt' by the court, in attempting to introduce Laws, notoriously not honored therein. He was forbidden to practice any longer at that Bar.

[Note by the reporter.

Formerly it is said Conscience often appeared in these two courts, and won great applause, but latterly he is rarely seen even about the Purlieus of the court. See a curious passage in 'Lloyds notis of the Kyngis courtes of Justys.' Fol. p. 834. He says, 'In the courte I dyd see, yea rather I dyd hear, a renowned Barrystere ycleped Conscyense. He manageth many casis of magnitude in these partis. But he maketh the law to be so plaine, and conforme to Nature, and to lye so levil with all myndes, that the Attorneys do mostly hate hym. Even the Chancellor holdeth hym in but small esteem. It is fancyed he will soon quyt the Barre. He never taketh a fee.']

Nothing daunted thereat Conscience prosecuted his appeal, and betook himself and his case to the court of Common Sense, praying as before for an impartial hearing and for justice. The docket was crowded. The case laid over from term to term. But at length the time of hearing arrived. But before the matter was submitted to the Jury, [for there are juries in that court] though after hearing all the Evidence, the Judge [he was a fat, short, oily sancho-looking, astute personage, with little twinkling gray eyes, quite 'sleek-headed,' a man 'that slept o'nights'] 'reeled the case out of court,' as he had done with many the same counsel had presented.

His Honor stated 'the subject was no proper matter for litigation, for the Jury, in finding the defendant guilty, [as he saw they must] would likewise condemn themselves.' [They were all picked men, north country graziers, who delighted in good dinners. They looked like first cousins of his Honor the Judge.]

'The felonies charged upon him,' continued that learned expounder of the Law, 'are so common it is impossible to prevent them. Therefore it is unjust to punish one offender when all here are equally guilty, and it would be impossible to punish the whole community. [Here the audience applauded very fiercely.] Now the Law only speaks to command, and so it only commands where it can be obeyed. Whenever a case occurs in the court of Common Sense, like the present, where the Law could not readily be enforced, 'Tacet Lex,' the Law says nothing.

But setting aside these considerations, it is too doubtful for certainty, that the Statutes of Nature and Reason, under which the action is brought, are not quite absolute. At least they are rarely appealed to in this court. [He probably meant in earnest, for the Attorney constantly used these words,—as the cuttle fish does its ink, to blind its pursuers. Even his Honor oftener than once appealed to them in this case. He concluded with an ambiguous compliment which Conscience took to be meant in all sincerity, and accordingly blushed up to the eyes. But the Lawyers, who saw through the Judge's inuendo, fell into a roar of laughter. He also made some remarks about 'being righteous over-much' which the reporter did not fully understand.]

The case had now become one of great interest. It had been long before the public. Every one had heard of the great case of Duty vs. Appetite. It was thought the decision involved important interests: if it went against the defendant, it was found many would suffer. No man fancied himself in danger, but each had fears for his neighbors. So they looked on one another very oracularly, and said plain as looks could speak it, 'If Conscience carries his point I pity you.'

The Judge was distinguished by his immense grasp of mind, his profound wisdom, his immaculate and unflinching integrity. Nor again was public expectation less excited by the parties themselves. The defendant had many friends. They were of all ages and every class. He looked round complacently, upon his old acquaintance in the court-room, nodding pleasantly to this and that. He saluted very graciously a middle aged and very corpulent gentleman, who wore large loose shoes, which, big as they were, seemed too small for him. He had a fine rosy face, a little twitched sometimes by, the reporter could not see what.

Duty seemed to have only a few friends, but they all evidently belonged to the 'Aristocracy of Nature.' They looked in better spirits all the day after shaking hands with him. They took a new interest in the trial.

The counsel for the parties excited considerable attention. Legality and Expediency were the most famous Pleaders in the Land. They practised in every court; they appeared in all cases; had the common and civil Law at their tongue's end, and precedents at will. They could make you believe black white, and white black; or at least, offer very respectable arguments for such a belief. They had smiles for their old friends. They were eloquent as Self-Love, and gentle as Persuasion, though not remarkably fastidious as to the texture of the arguments. Imagination seemed sometimes to have supplied their memory with facts.

On the other hand few were acquainted with the Plaintiff's counsel. Most men had heard of his name, only on Sundays and fast-days, and in the shops of old milliners. So that few considered him as a week-day personage, even if he had any more than an ideal or man-of-straw existence on any day. It was known he had engaged in no case for many years. Some of the oldest men seemed to have known him in youth; some gave him an hearty shake by the hand, and seemed astonished, that he had changed so little since their earlier days, when he had frequented that court. He had retired from Bar-practice, in disgust at the treatment he received there. Besides he was always stepping over little forms, whose importance he could not comprehend. He could not always find a precedent for his own conduct, or for his opinions. Besides he had a quaint old fashioned way of calling things by their right names, which displeased all well-bred people, and disturbed the court. His snowy hair and silver beard gave him the aspect of extreme age, while a feminine and youthful bloom played on his cheek.

The counsel for the Plaintiff opened the case, stating in a plain clear manner that he should presently introduce witnesses to prove each specification of the indictment.

1. Several witnesses were examined and uniformly deposed that the defendant had devoured, or caused to be devoured, immense quantities of solids and liquids, especially the latter, under various names devized to conceal the odious nature of the substance itself. The testimony of distinguished men was then introduced to show that such conduct was highly injurious, even fatal to the well-being of the Corporation, and suicidal to the defendant himself. Experience testified to the same things, and added that he was continually reminding the defendant of his bad conduct and its certain consequences.

2. Numerous witnesses testified that sundry members of the said Corporation, in particular Messrs Hands, Feet, Eyes, Tongue and Teeth, had been forced into dangerous situations, and 'held to hard and grievous service,' to gratify the unlawful caprice of the defendant. Sometimes bones had been broken, and often flesh wounds received while executing his orders.

3. Under the third Article, he showed the extent of the tyranny exercised by the defendant and exhibited to the court a copy of the instruction furnished him as his guide. His Honor the Judge expressed his great pleasure at seeing them once more produced in court, and his opinion that they were 'consistent with the Reason and Nature of things,' and had always been considered as good common Law, in that court, and binding on the defendant.

The Stomach unable to appear in court, sent his deposition to this effect. He had been forced to accomplish at least ten times his natural labor, by which unnatural requisition, he had himself become exhausted, and had involuntarily deranged the functions of his fellows, the Blood, the Brain, and the Heart. The Defendant had also in the exhausted state of the deponent, admitted a band of enemies into the said Corporation; in particular, Fever and Ague, Jaundice, and Catarrh, Apoplexy, Gout, Dyspepsy, and others. The witness had been accused by the defendant of contumacy, sluggishness, and open rebellion; he had been vilely slandered, called 'bad,' 'bilious,' 'sour,' and even 'weak.' The production of all sorts of disorders from the crick of the neck, to the

great Hydropsy itself, had been ascribed to him. Still he had 'borne it with a patient shrug.'

The Brain, the Hands, the Feet, all testified as to the malpractices of the defendant, and the evils he had introduced to the Corporation. Other members were permitted to send affidavits, as it was not decorous for them to appear in court. [The court was astonished at the magnitude of the offences their testimony proved against the defendant. But he slept quietly all the while.]

4. Prudence testified that he had often reproached the defendant with his excesses; had forewarned him of the consequences, and had positively forbidden their repetition. Sometimes his admonitions had been listened to, but latterly, the defendant mocked and made mouths at him in the street, refusing all obedience. The Statute was read to show that Prudence was the liege-lord of the defendant. The counsel turned to an act passed in the first year of Reason, entitled 'an act for perfection of man,' and was about to read the same, when the Judge interrupted him and forbid the reading as unnecessary, for every man was furnished with a copy of this Statute at birth, by virtue of 'a law in such cases made and provided.' The defendant's counsel denied having ever seen such a Law. His Honor caused it to be shown them.

5. He proved the rebellion of the defendant against the Will, the sovereign head of Man, and had excited others to rebellion. He had led the Eyes astray, or prevented them from seeing, had shut the Ears from their office, had caused the Feet to wander, making them 'swift to evil,' he had stimulated Resentment, Anger, Self-Love, [the three great dogs kept chained to guard the premises, and growl at such as would intrude.] He had often been severely threatened by the Will. But of all this he took no notice. He had on several occasions lately, bound him with chains, spit on his garment, and called him his 'slave.' Here the counsel concluded by stating he would not waste words in declaiming on the offences of the defendant, or the justice of the charges brought against him. It was sufficient to state the facts and show the Law.

Expediency immediately opened the defence, by stating that all the remarks of his opponent were of no weight though they might appear plausible, through the exquisite art of that distinguished but misguided pleader. He intended to make three points.

1. The defendant had always borne a good character in the world. He introduced witnesses, 'men of property and standing'—who were acquainted with the defendant; often met him in good society; never heard any fault found with him. They had found his authority relied on, by men who regarded no other Law. 'Therefore,' said the learned counsel, 'if such as are most select in their authority, rely upon him for advice, his authority must be the best.' Several witnesses testified to the good character of the defendant. Among them was the old gentleman in the large loose shoes, who testified rather unwillingly, and often looked at Experience, during the cross examination. The power of Appetite in the world was dwelt on at great length. The attorney cited remarkable cases which showed the power and truth of his client, in particular the celebrated case of *Menelaus* vs. *Paris* decided at the siege of Troy, in the court of Mars, of *Cæsar* vs. *Pompey* and of *Solomon* vs. *Moses*. He found the defendant had always been popular, and his decisions were uniformly obeyed. He must therefore be a good ruler, for 'vox populi vox Dei,' &c. to say any thing against him is to violate the decision of the Almighty. [Here the counsel looked very grave, and laid his hand on his heart.]

2. The charge of excess was no charge. It was founded on no real offence. [The court inquired if he would dispute the evidence introduced by the Plaintiff. To which he replied in the negative, for such testimony was 'neither here nor there,' he cared nothing for it.] The question of excess was one of 'less or more.' Excess was too much, but the *too much* of the Plaintiff was *not enough* for the defendant. The latter is accused of excess. But the charge can only be proved after a knowledge of his wants. Excess is more than is wanted. Did Appetite ever demand or receive more than he wanted? It was not even contended. The testimony of the Stomach to the contrary was of no value, on account of the stupidity of that deponent. Here he cited the testimony of Aristotle who said 'it is hard to convince the Stomach for it has neither eyes nor ears.'

Besides, admitting the defendant was guilty of excess the crime is universal, and therefore not actionable. Law is only an expression of public opinion, but the public tolerates this excess, therefore, even if there is a Statute, there is no valid Law against it.

3. It was very proper for the defendant to take the lead in the Corporation aforesaid. In short there was no more suitable head. Prudence was only a 'speaking virtue' at best. Appetite had always borne rule over man, therefore he always must, 'for the thing that hath been, the same shall be.' No doubt Conscience hopes to rule, and therefore has brought this action. What would be the consequence if he should usurp the throne? There would be an end of much of the gaiety of life; trade would fold its wings; all the pomp of the world would come to an end. He doubted if there would ever be a batile on a law suit. [He then ended with a long declamatory flourish, of which the Judge took no notes, but the audience applauded.]

Legality next arose. His argument was very long, and tedious, but extremely plausible. He made up two points.

1. There was no precise Statute forbidding the actions charged upon the defendant. He read the decalogue. It was plain he violated more of its ordinances. He bowed to no idols, swore no false oaths, was asleep or at least idle, during service hours on the Sabbath, never dishonors his father. ['The Dyvil is the father of Lust,' says our old friend.] He had not violated the other commands. In the same manner he went over the other most famous codes, to wit the Statutes of Solon, of Zabulus, Lycurgus and Minos. In none of these were the precise acts alleged against him forbidden. Shall he be punished for violating the spirit of these Laws? It is contrary to the whole course of judicial action.

2. He has been so long in the full enjoyment of all the privileges he is accused of usurping, that he has a prescriptive right to them. He has always used the Hands, the Feet, the Stomach, the Brain and the Will, at discretion. To put the Will in fetters is no new thing for his trade. He cited numerous procedents to prove this point, he dwelt at length on the great case of *Dives* and his relations vs. *Moses* and the prophets, and that of *Satan* vs. *Michael*, [for the body of Moses,] Besides he mentioned the oldest case on record of the *Serpent* vs. *Jehovah-Elohim*, for the happiness of man. He was very declamatory, yet his speech contained passages of remarkable eloquence.

When he concluded, Conscience declared he had no more to offer. The evidence was before the court, the Law of Nature and Reason was the breath of life to his Honor the Judge.

Amid profound silence the Judge delivered his decision, without leaving the bench or pausing a moment. The facts charged against the defendant were admitted on all hands. He should say nothing of their enormity, it was obvious. But would only add,

I. The defendant had violated the fundamental Law of Nature and Reason, which prescribed to him moderation. 2. He had violated the letter and spirit of each of the famous codes referred to by Legality. 3. He had been a tyrant all his life-long. But the length of his despotism could not render it legal. The case of the *Serpent* vs. *Jehovah-Elohim*, was 'in point.' This was the first rebellion against the Supreme Head of the world. Appetite was the offender in that case. Duty might have brought an action at that time, for the perversity of the defendant, then 'brought death into the world, and all our woe.' He it was who brought Dives into the lamentable condition in which he is supposed still to languish. 4. The Statute under which the action was brought is eternal. It is universal. Appetite has clearly violated its most important provisions. He then addressed the criminal in an earnest and affectionate tone, exhorting him to repent, assuring him that happiness will be the reward of his penitence and conversion. 5. He then complimented Conscience for the part he had taken on this trial, and mentioned also, that to the knowledge of the court, Conscience had often expostulated with the defendant, showing him the illegality of his conduct. But it did no good. The subordinate members of the Corporation were good, submissive drudges,—who would never have done wrong, unless seduced by the defendant.

He then ordered the Will 'to be handed into the court,' and reprimanded him severely for his remissness. He could have prevented the bad conduct of Appetite. It was his duty to do so, for he was the sovereign head of man, by the charter. It was his fault, that the *Serpent* was not non-suited in the case referred to. A little interposition on his part, would have saved *Solomon* and *Dives*. He was commanded to give bonds for his future good behavior. [Conscience and Spontaniety, immediately appeared, and were pronounced 'good and sufficient Bail.']

He next proceeded to pass sentence upon the defendant. He was condemned to wear a strait-jacket; to be kept in solitary confinement, and fed on a competent allowance of bread and water, until he should give the court satisfactory proof of his amendment, and intention to return to his proper duty. [The whole audience who had been standing, responded Amen. Justice and Mercy the two executive Bailiffs of the court, immediately led the Prisoner to his place of confinement, and the court adjourned without day.] T. P.

TRUE CAUSE OF A NATION'S DESTRUCTION.

Extract from the Annual Election Sermon of President Hopkins, of Williams College.

'I tremble for my country,' said an American statesman, in a sentence, which, though awfully ominous in the connexion in which it was uttered, does equal honor to his head and his heart, 'I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just.' In that sentence are involved the principles of that higher statesmanship before which the expedients of merely expert men dwindle into nothing. He knew not how, or where, or when, the blow might fall; but he knew that there was always a joint in the harness of injustice, where the arrow of retribution, though it might seem to be speeding at a venture, would surely find its way. The higher movements of Divine Providence include the lower. Sooner or later all particular, and for a time apparently anomalous cases are brought under its general rules, and he has read the history of the past with little benefit, who has failed to see how the giant machinery of that Providence, in the intermediate spaces of which there is ample room for the free play of human agency, takes up the results of that agency as they are wrought out, and applies them to the execution of its own uniform laws, and the accomplishment of its own predicted purposes. These purposes, as declared by those divine records whose prophecies have now become history, were often such as human sagacity, looking merely at second causes, could have anticipated, such as no human power then existing could have effected. Still, they were wrought out in conformity with that higher, and uniform, and all-encompassing movement with reference to which he who stands at the helm should guide the state, but to ascertain which, he must not take his bearings from the shifting headlands of circumstances, but must lift his eye to those eternal principles which abide ever the same. On this subject there is written upon the walls of the past a lesson for statesmen that needs no interpreter. Look at Babylon. Who is it that stands before its walls, and utters its doom? It is a despised Jew. And who is he that walks in pride upon those walls, and as he points to that mighty city as the centre of civilization and power, as combining every advantage of climate and of commerce, mocks at that doom? It is a politician of those days. The voice of the prophet is uttered, and it seems to pass idly upon the wind. The eye of sense sees no effect. No clouds gather, no lightnings descended. But that voice was not in vain. The waters of desolation heard it in their distant caves, and never ceased to rise till they had whelmed palace and tower and temple in one undistinguished ruin. Even now that voice abides there, and hangs as a spirit of the air over that desolation, and the Arabian hears it, warning him not to pitch his tent there, and the wild beast of the desert and the owl and satyr hear it, and come up and dwell and dance there. Look at Jerusalem. Who is he that stands upon mount Olivet and weeps as he looks upon the city, and assigns, as the cause of his tears, that he would often have gathered her children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but she would not? Ah! what political Jew would have thought of *that!* He would have turned his attention to the purposes of governors and the intrigues of courts. Into his estimate of the causes that might affect the prosperity of Jerusalem, the moral temper of the nation as indicated by its rejection of Jesus of Nazareth, would not have entered. And yet, it was from this rejection, even in the way of natural consequence, from the want of those moral qualities which only a regard to his teachings could have produced among them, that the destruction of the Jews resulted. Nothing else could have destroyed their foolhardy confidence in God, or have allayed those fiendish passions which led contending factions to fill the streets of the city with dead bodies even in the midst of the siege. But they would not have his spirit; they would not have him to reign over them, and we know that from the moment the words dropped from his lips, 'Your house is left unto you desolate,' that was a doomed city, and no political skill could have deferred the horrors of a siege and of a final overthrow; such as was not from the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be. And not only from Babylon and Jerusalem, but from the grave of every nation buried in antiquity, from Nineveh, and Tyre, and Edom, and Egypt, there comes a voice calling upon rulers to be 'just, ruling in the fear of God.' The true cause of their destruction was the attitude which they assumed towards the will, and worship, and people of God.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 9, 1839.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

We have read with much interest the Second Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Second Report of the Secretary of the Board, both of which are printed together in one pamphlet.

This document ought to be extensively circulated and carefully read. An attentive perusal of the Secretary's Report will (we should think,) convince any reflecting man that there is nothing chimerical in the theories and experiments of the Board, and clearly prove that much good has already been accomplished by its instrumentality.

It is sufficiently manifest that in many of our towns but very little attention has been paid to education. Many smaller and larger Schools in country places have been under the charge of incompetent, and sluggish Teachers, and the rising generation have been grossly neglected and abused. We cannot but rejoice that the time has come when even the smallest school in the Commonwealth shall be under the supervision of an intelligent and able committee—when no abuses can be hid, and no incompetent master escape detection.

The report of the Secretary is sound and eloquent.

We have much regretted the tone of disrespect and abuse which some Journals have assumed in speaking of the plans and speculations of the Secretary of Education; and are glad to copy the following just tribute to his praise from a communication in a late number of the Daily Advertiser.

All these charges have been passed in silence by the friends of the Secretary, and surely he needs no justification; he was called to the important office he holds by the gentlemen named above as constituting the board, and before whom his private and public life had passed, and who had the best interests of our State Institutions warmly at heart. And he is not for the first time before the public; his course is written in our statute book—in its wise and practical provisions for the gradation of crime and punishment,—for the relief of honest debtors, and the detection of the fraudulent, and most of all, in that noble act, which *first* gathered the insane of the State from the horrible confinement of jails and poor houses, where suffering was certain, recovery impossible, and madness almost inevitable; *and then*—secured them the home and the skilful and paternal care, which makes the Asylum at Worcester a blessing and an honor to the State. The Romans gave a crown to him who saved the life of a citizen—there is no need of the trappings of honor for one whose enlightened philanthropy has been the means, (under Heaven,) of recovering from worse than death fathers, mothers and citizens, and to carry down its blessed ministry to our children's children. It will never be forgotten that Mr Mann disclosed the abuses of our old system for the insane, and conceived, proposed and carried through the Legislature, in a single session, the establishment of the Worcester Asylum, and in public and in private devoted himself to the good work, till in all its details it was perfected.

The importance of the Board of Education cannot be overrated; in the words of its Secretary, 'it is now moulding and fashioning the beings upon whom all the interests of society are soon to devolve.' The dearest interests of the public are committed to it, may public confidence support it.

RAYS OF PROMISE.

There are some who habitually speak in disparaging terms of the present age. Such are they whose eyes are turned backward with reverence to the past; and they also whose ardent and hopeful minds are impatient for the future, chiding the chariot wheels of time; and they again, who, disappointed in their hopes, are out of sorts with man and providence, or busied about their selfish ends, never so much as lend one of their fingers to help forward the movements of society. The English Christian Reformer contains a sketch of the achievements of morality and science in the *East*, which is worthy of the consideration of all, and especially of those who are negligent of the claims of the passing age. It is indeed, true that, as a prophet is not without honor except amongst his own kindred, so the glory of no generation is appreciated by its children.

'The brutal barbarism of Mahomedan rule,' says the Reformer, 'has, during the present century been greatly modified and ameliorated by the gradual inroads of European civilization. Peace set the better elements of humanity in motion; and the facilities of communication which the present generation has brought into being, have shown the eastern world how much it had fallen into arrear with the wisdom of the west. Mussulman pride was reproved and convinced by the perpetual presence of superior Christian intelligence. Steamers upon the Nile and the Euphrates—chemical works and polytechnic schools at Memphis—steam engines and lightning-conductors on Mount Lebanon—Arabia, Ethiopia, Mesopotamia, Syria—the Bedouin of the desert, the Khurd of the mountain, the Turkoman of the plain, clad in garments shipped from the Mersey or the Clyde—speak more for the progress of knowledge and of felicity than the triumphs of the most fortunate conqueror, and prove that prejudice and intolerance have been giving way to the benignant influence of commerce. In many parts of the East—(let many parts of England hear the glad tidings, and act accordingly)—*toleration* has *completely triumphed*. Mahomet Ali has elevated Christians to the highest functions of government. Even in Turkey instruction in many of the mechanical arts and sciences has been sought for among European Giaours. In Egypt and Syria a man may travel in Christian costume with perfect security; and the distinctions of dress which for so many generations represented the degradation of one-half of society and the domination of the other, have fo the most part been removed.'

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

The Annual Report of the Trustees of the Blind Asylum in this City exhibits a very gratifying state of the concerns and improvements of that excellent Institution.

Some of our readers will recollect that we published, a year ago, an interesting account of Laura Bridgman a pupil of the Institution who is deficient in three of the five senses. The subjoined extract from the Report gives a further descrption of her case.

It may be remembered, that in the Report of the last Board, particular mention was made of a deaf, dumb, and blind girl, named Laura Bridgman, then a pupil, and promise was given of further notice of her case.

It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours: if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she reasons, reflects, and argues: if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation: if right, then she pats herself upon the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the Manual Alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye, the rapid motions of her fingers.

But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another, grasping their hand in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose, than a meeting between them. For, if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!

When Laura is walking through a passage way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if one of her favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition—an inter-twining of arms—a grasping of hands—and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers—exchanges of joy or sorrow—there are kissings and partings—just as between little children with all their senses.

One such interview is a better refutation of the doctrine, that mind is the result of sensation, than folios of learned argument. If those philosophers who consider man as only the most perfect animal, and attribute his superiority to his senses, be correct, then a dog or a monkey should have mental power quadruple that of poor Laura Bridgman, who has but one sense.

We would not be understood to say that this child has the same amount of knowledge that others of her age have; very far from it: she is nine years of age, and yet her knowledge of language is not greater than a common child of three years. There has been no difficulty in communicating knowledge of facts—positive qualities of bodies—numbers, &c.; but the *words expressive of them*, which other children learn by hearing, as they learn to talk, must all be communicated to Laura by a circuitous and tedious method. In all the knowledge which is acquired by the perceptive faculties, she is of course backward; because, previous to her coming here, her perceptive faculties were probably less exercised in one week, than those of common children are in one hour.

What may be termed her moral nature, however, her sentiments and affections, her sense of propriety, of right, of property, &c., is equally well developed as those of other children.

She is now able to understand simple sentences expressive of action, as 'shut the door,' 'give me a book' &c.; or rather, as she expresses it, 'shut door,' 'give book,' for she does not know the force of the particles, *the* and *a*, any more than a prattling infant, who understands—give cake—but puts in *me* and *a* from imitation, without knowing their meaning; or than many a child in school understands the difference between a noun and verb, though he has gone through all the parsing exercises and can give a rule for every thing about it. For a more detailed report of this case, and the method of instruction which is followed, we refer you to Appendix C, being a report of the Director.

The following is a complete Catalogue of the Books which have been printed in raised letters, for the use of the Blind.

The following is a list of the books from our press, with the prices at which they are sold to those who can purchase; to the indigent, most of the works are gratuitously distributed.

New Testament, complete, 2 or 4 vols.	$12 00
The Psalms of the Old Testament, 1 vol.	3 00
Outlines of Hist. Ancient & Mod. 3 vols.	10 00
Dairyman's Daughter,	1 00
The Harvey Boys,	1 00
Spelling Book,	1 00
English Grammar,	1 00
The Pilgrim's Progress,	2 00
Baxter's Call,	1 00
Six Penny Glass of Wine,	50
Life of Melancthon,	1 00
Book of Sacred Hymns,	1 00
Howe's Geography, 1 vol.	2 00
' Blind Child's First Book,	1 00
' Blind Child's Second Book,	1 00
' General Atlas,	3 00
' Atlas of the United States,	2 00
' Book of Diagrams, illustrative of Natural Philosophy,	1 00
' English Reader: Selections in prose and verse, from English and American authors, Part 1,	2 00
' English Reader, Part 2,	2 00
' Atlas of the principal Islands on the globe, with Statistical Tables,	2 00

A WORKMAN THAT NEEDETH NOT TO BE ASHAMED.

As the period approaches when the Unitarian Churches of this city which are united in the Benevolent Fraternity for the support of the Ministery at Large, will celebrate their anniversary, we have been reminded to inquire into the success which has attended the labors of our Ministers to the poor during the past year. We find that, by some unaccountable mistake we omitted to notice the excellent Pastoral Letter of Rev Frederick T. Gray to the Church and Society worshipping at the Pitts Street Chapel, which was printed at the close of the year 1838.

The design of the present article is merely to atone for this error, and to show to our Readers, who are ignorant of the facts what a great work Mr Gray has done.

The Letter states that, during the past year Mr. G. has been instrumental in adding to his Church *forty five* individuals; who, with fifty seven admitted in 1837 and ten who have come from other Churches make the total of Church members collected in two years from amongst the poor (and in some cases the infidel and the base) *one hundred and twenty two*. There are now connected with the chapel, 215 families, which contain 718 adults and children. But it is not to these that he confines himself. His mission is to the poor and distressed, the afflicted wherever they may be, in the section of the city assigned him for missionary labor. Among those families he has been constantly visiting, on an average 12 a day, often making 20 to 30 visits in a day.

In view of such labors and results as these, we hope and trust that the interests of the contributors to the support of the Ministers to the Poor will be kept alive, and quickened.

We shall allude to this subject again in a week or two, and notice the labors and successes of Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Barnard, to both of whom the motto of this article will apply.

'The duty of practical thankfulness,' is the motto of a sermon preached on Thanksgiving day, November 29th, 1838, in the Unitarian Church at Savannah, by William V. Thacher; and published by request.

The text was evidently chosen with reference to the disaster of the Pulaski which is thus noticed in the course of the Sermon.

Or has the Lord bereft you of more precious objects of Human Love? I see places in this house of God, that are vacant, which answer—*Yes*; I see tears which tell me—*Yes*; the sea and the grave say—*Yes*.

Since the last observance of this holy day, in this community, how awful a lesson of Death has come upon its ears! How empty have been made the places in many happy dwellings! How many hearts still bleed at the thought of the unseen, the unwatched death-bed of those who were called hence in a moment and together, to the presence of their Maker! Who has come up hither without a recollection of death's doings in his mind?—What a chasm it has caused, even in this place? and whose eye can escape it? From hence have the mother and child, brother and sister, deserted by all but God, and one another, gone hand in hand to a better world. Here was the man in vigor and usefulness, but now—

'The deep his corpse and Heaven his spirit holds.'

And here was the young man, full of hope, but his light was quenched; and yet another, who, in his moment of happiness, was struck down by the destroyer,—and the little child, who but now has withered in the morning of life.

Truly, the Lord *hath taken away*—yet, why not add, *blessed be the name of the Lord?* If He has taken the objects of a mortal hope, still he left reasons for an hope immortal. Death takes nought away from the heart of faith. The Christian's confidence clothes what is mortal with immortality: it triumphs over the grave and beholds '*the sea giving up its dead.*' Yes! this is assurance enough for human consolation. Although all things else be taken, this can never be lost. And why then fail to cherish thankfulness to God, even in sorrow? For this purpose has that blessed assurance been afforded us: and to be thankful for it, is no more the duty than the privilege of the weeping Christian.

In speaking of the modes by which, as *citizens*, a true practical thankfulness could be shown by his hearers, Mr Thacher says:

Permit me to remark that, notwithstanding all classes in this community may not have the abstract privilege of individual freedom, with safety to the whole—yet, (in the name of God, the Maker of us all!) suffer not such a spirit to prevail, as will trample on the spirits of any class; let those, whom Providence has allowed to be placed beneath you be treated with their due consideration; let the voice of pity and kindness, and Christian counsel, be heard in their ears: let a liberal hand of aid be extended to them: let their treatment be dictated by a wish for their best good, as well as our own; but let it never be dictated, (as perhaps it often is)—let it never be dictated, (God forbid it!) by a mere selfish, self-degrading love of power.

For myself, I rejoice, before God, and feel myself bound to say, that I have seen already in this community much of this spirit, which I here counsel. Would that all might be induced to imitate the good example!

The discourse is written in a plain and direct style, and is calculated to exert a wholesome and religious influence upon its hearers and readers.

For the Register and Observer.

EPICEDIUM,

To be sung by the Choir of Singers after the Death of a Member.

BY REV. DR HARRIS.

We mourn a member of our train,
And now the funeral dirge begin,
And seek in music's soothing strain
A respite from our grief to win.

Soft be the notes from friendship due
To one whose voice, attuned with ours,
Oft would the theme of praise pursue,
With harmony's delightful powers.

But solemn be the lay and slow,
When of that friend's decease we tell,
For ah! it breathes the tones of woe
So soon to bid a long farewell!

Farewell!—yet hope again to meet
In choirs above, and anthems raise
Of symphonies divinely sweet,
And chorus of unceasing praise.

Boston, February 27, 1839.

Sir,—I wish to ask you what are the duties of Clergymen towards strangers, who are in the habit of attending their church? Whether they should not take some pains to enquire them out and make their acquaintance? I know a young man who attended a Unitarian Church for more than a year regularly, yet he and his minister were, during the whole time, *utter* strangers. Now this course was very impolitie if not wrong, on the part of the minister; ten minutes conversation, would have strengthened greatly the principles of morality within him and have led him to a more useful course of reading or reflection. I cannot refrain from contrasting this, with what I am told, is the practice of the Orthordox Clergy; they seek an early introduction to whoever is disposed to attend their preaching, whether citizens or strangers; they thus fill up their houses with hearers, who become the future fathers of the Church. Not that young men and women should be seduced from their allegiance to other denominations, but if by their actions, they are inclined to abandon their former gross errors, then it is the duty of a Christian minister, by a friendly bearing and conversation to cheer their hearts and strengthen their hands.

Though I could write a great deal more, yet I did not intend to write so much as this when I began, but feeling an interest in the prosperity of our Churches I have taken the liberty of calling your attention to the subject, and if it will induce you to write an article, I will answer for it that you will gratify many laymen in the County of SUFFOLK.

We have often heard remarks similar to the above. Those who make them are undoubtedly well meaning persons, and anxious for the prosperity of our churches. But we apprehend that they labor under somewhat of a delusion in regard to the duties and capabilities of ministers in the city.

How is it possible in our large congregations for the Preacher to distinguish one and another young person, who comes transiently to his church? There are other matters too, for the Preacher to attend to, during the short time he stands in the desk, which are far more important than to look round and count the heads and scrutinize the faces of his auditors. Some good people it is true, think that a clergyman can do an indefinite number of things at one and the same time, and perform them all to the satisfaction of every lay brother and sister in the county of Suffolk.

But, suppose the Minister chances to catch a glimpse of a stranger in his church—is it his duty to spend the greater part of a day, as he would often be obliged to do, away from his study and his other engagements to find out his name and place of abode or business, and then to call on him—perchance to find himself a visiter as unwelcome as unexpected?

But we have not time or space to enlarge upon the difficulties of the course proposed by our correspondent. They are many and great.

The true way is, for all those who wish to be acquainted with a settled minister *to call on him.* He is stationary and always to be easily found; and certainly will always receive with

great kindness and consideration those who seek his intercourse and counsel.

The *lay members* of the church can do much towards building it up by becoming acquainted with those who occupy seats in their pews, and introducing them to the Pastor, and welcoming them always into the congregation; and, under certain conditions, the minister may himself do something in the way indicated by Suffolk—but we are satisfied that those who expect the Pastor of a large society in the city to work to any extent in that direction, expect an impossibility, and do him great injustice. Most joyfully would he gratify the wishes and save the souls of all the young men in Suffolk—but, if it were to *save his own soul* he could not, we apprehend, find time to do what our friend would have him, without leaving many more important duties undone.

WHO SHALL WRITE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

The subjoined article is from the Christian Statesman. The thoughts which it expresses are just and important. Would that good and wise men were accustomed, to appreciate more highly the influence which they might exert upon the community through the Newspaper Press. A sound and well written article in a Daily or Weekly Paper does not die suddenly nor ever. It goes immediately to mould public opinion in its present action; and revives again, though unacknowledged, after many days, in the better principles and more enlightened views of individuals far and near.

'It is not possible that our penny magazines should be carrying to the workshop of the artizan, and the cottage of the laborer, an actual library of varied intelligence, without producing a universal outstretch of mind, whether for *good* or whether for *evil*.' Such is the language of Melville, one of the most profound and original thinkers of England. But the remark is more emphatically true of America than of any other country. This is the greatest newspaper country in the world, for the reason that there are no stamp duties, and therefore they are furnished to the people at a less expense, and this has the effect of augmenting the demand. One newspaper, of the ordinary size, contains as much reading as an ordinary duodecimo volume. When the newspaper press is considered as furnishing a library of various intelligence, it seems to assume at once, the highest consequence. To say that it issues one thousand volumes of book, per week, in this cheap form, which are scattered all over the Union, on the wings of the wind, would be speaking far within the bounds of truth. Our estimate would be nearer the fact, if it were asserted that it issued a thousand volumes per day. And now the question is, by whom shall these volumes be writen? By the first intellects of the age, or by feeble, inexperienced minds? In other words, shall this general outstretch of mind be for good or for evil? This question can receive but one answer, and this should be a practical answer from those to whom it is emphatically addressed. The newspaper press may be compared to a river, whose waters enrich the soil wherever it flows, and scatters over half the world the harvest of Egypt.

If one of the authors of the olden time, Herodotus, for instance, who published his history, by reading it aloud at the Olympic games, could be permitted to revisit the earth, and should see the operations of a single press, and be told that it would in a few days, penetrate to the most sequestered retreats in the land—that its contents would be read to a million of people, within a single week, would he not exclaim 'What a means of communicating the precepts of Divine philosophy—the great truths of history, every thing that man should know! What a blessed privilege your writers and teachers enjoy!' Would he not be lost in wonder to be told that they scarcely used it as the medium of communication with the public? And this is not less a high privilege because we are not fully sensible of it. Some future generation will look back upon us with amazement, that we neglected the use of an engine of power, so vast, so simple, so easily wielded. Let us not suffer their reproach.

In order that we may not be misunderstood, we will state directly our view of this duty of publication once more.

There are a great number of professedly religious newspapers, and yet they contain the current news of the day, critiques upon the passing literature of the day, scientific essays, &c. We do not hold that eminent Divines alone should contribute to them, but laymen—men of science—men of literature, and that the ministers too, should, in turn, contribute to the political newspapers, as well as eminent politicians—not political articles certainly—but such as their pursuits and habits of thought would naturally suggest. That all men, in a word, who are conscious to themselves that they can do something to enlighten, to dignify, to elevate the universal mind, should avail themselves of the means afforded by the newspaper press, to advance such a noble enterprize. The mighty river is rolling by them. Let them, like the Egyptian maidens, set their lamps of light afloat upon its waves, and it will sparkle with new radiance. What each man shall do, and when, and how, must be left to his choice—but that he should do something is a duty which the good of the world demands.

How many learned essays in the ponderous volumes of societies, have we seen locked up from the world, which would have shed light and imparted valuable knowledge, had they been published in the small, rapidly circulating newspapers of the day.

Let all consider now the effect of carrying this plan into operation. That in the East and the West, the North and the South, the first men of our country—the divines, the poets the authors, the statesmen, the lawyers, the physicians should at once set themselves in serious, sober earnest, to the work of writing regularly for the newspapers. What a prodigious change would be instantly effected—a change that would be felt—a change that would be palpable and real, which every body would see and feel and understand. With what avidity we should expect the arrival of the religious newspaper from Boston, or from new York, or Philadelphia, or Charleston, and with what avidity would its contents be examined? What a spirit of emulation would spring up at once between the different sections of the Union? The newspapers of each city and of each village would vie with each other, and be referred to with pride, as evidences of the high intellectual elevation of its inhabitants. A town would take its rank, not from the fact of possessing a single great man, but from the character of its journalism. And the first intellects of the age would thus hold constant communion with each other. Spirit would discourse with spirit. Greek would meet Greek. What a flood of imperishable truth would be poured forth to refine and elevate the general mind. If any three men of the country, of high intellectual and moral character, should unite for the purpose of writing a column per week for a newspaper, with such an extended circulation as some of the New York papers possess, it would be felt from one extremity of the Union to another; and it would tell too upon the character of the American people, for many a year to come. What shall we say then of a union of all the noble minds of a country, which is rich in intellectual power, for the accomplishment of such an object. What an impress was made upon the moral as well as intellectual character of the people of England by the essays of Addison and Steele and Johnson—an impress, which time has only deepened, and which will flow on to all eternity. It has happened that a single writer, through the columns of a newspaper, has guided the energies of a nation, diffusing light and energy through countless multitudes, as the influence of the sun develops the powers of vegetation in the tropics.

Why has this wonderful agent, ready to our hands, actually soliciting our aid, been so long neglected? Are our best writers too indolent to perform so much gratuitous labor? Is this indeed the character of American genius? Genius will work, says Dewey, and Lord Brougham is a living illustration of its truth. The labor that he performs would wear out twenty bodies in another. Such genius is always a blessing to the world and to its possessor. We wait to see if American scholars will not afford convincing proof, by their works, of the falseness of this imputation. Are they indifferent to the progress of society? Care they not whether the intellectual nutriment of their own countrymen shall be health-giving—life-giving—or embruting and poisonous? They are Americans, proud of their country—citizens of a young and aspiring nation, and their veins are boiling with patriotic blood. Her scholars are her Athletæ, and our own country will wind around their brows a greener wreath than ever graced the garlanded temples of a Grecian youth, when they win fame for her in this noble conflict. These are the athletic exercises—this the training—which will enable them to fight the intellectual battles of their country in a more conspicuous field. Let this course be pursued and a golden age of literature would dawn upon us. Our larger periodicals would feel the impulse, and ultimately derive the benefit—and we should exult if we could say—that America has not only the most newspapers of any country in the world, but that they are better conducted than any newspapers in the world—their original department would do honor to a classic age.

GIPSIES.

An English paper says that Rev. Mr Crabb, of Hill near Southampton, who is favorably known to the public as the benevolent reclaimer of the gipsies, calculates that there are in Great Britain upwards of 18,000 of this wandering race, and in other parts of the world 700,000. In America they have been hitherto unknown, though a small number are said to have emigrated to this country recently. Throughout the world they speak the same kind of gibberish, which is similar to the language of Hindostan, to which country their origin has been assigned.

N. B. We are indebted to the Secretary of the Commonwealth for many valuable Pamphlets. In making this acknowledgement we cannot forbear to give a simple expression of the high esteem in which, in common with the great body of citizens, we hold his performance of the various duties of his important and laborious office, the courtesies of which are no more neglected by him than the especial appointments.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

LETTERS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS. NO. 5.

[To a Teacher in the Country.]

REV. MR UPHAM'S LECTURE.

Boston, March 4th, 1839.

Dear friend:—On Sunday evening an opportunity was afforded you of listening to the Rev. Mr Upham; so that you are now prepared to form a just estimate of his powers not only as a Lecturer in the Lyceum, but also in the Pulpit. You had frequently expressed your admiration of his many gifts in the former situation, but it was still more gratifying to hear you remark, that in his own more peculiar province, your expectations were more than realised. A child, you say, such is the naturalness and simplicity of his manner, might listen and understand, while the giant of intellect should go away instructed and impressed.

His text on this occasion, was taken from the 12th chapter of Romans, and part of the 7th verse. 'He that teacheth, on teaching.' The exordium to this lecture, was designed, by a natural train of thought, to lead the mind of the hearer, to the appreciation and enjoyment of its subject. The present, he said, was considered by many, as a common-place age. It was the wish of such that they could have lived at the beginning of the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries;—periods of sharp conflict,—wide spread war,—or great revolution; not perceiving that they were in the midst of one of a most momentous character. A new agent, he said, had entered the field, and another age would see its effects. This agent was moral power,—Philanthropy, Education, Virtue, Religion,—and none would complain of this as a *common-place age*, were they aware of its mighty influence, and the change it was destined to produce upon succeeding generations. He adverted in particular to two manifestations to this agency;—the one, the Institution of public Lectures on scientific and other subjects, which had made this City one vast college;—and the Sunday school for every town and sect, as Theological Seminaries of equal influence and power in another and more important direction. His subject then was, 'Sunday schools as an element of power in the Church and the world.'

Taking this for his theme, he proceeded to consider the Sunday school under three different aspects;—in its elementary principles; its promised benefits,—and the mischiefs that would arise from its mismanagement.

The elementary principles of the Sunday school he considered to be two;—the first of which was, *that all children as an entire body were to receive stated religious instruction*; and the second, *the organization of a class of teachers for this purpose distinct from the pastor and the church*.

The first principle in his opinion, was not new. Catechetical instruction by the Pastors of Societies was a practice as old as the settlement of the country. By this personal intercourse with the children that high veneration for the Clergy was induced, so prevalent a half a century ago. But as the parishes increased the labor was found too onerous and the practice fell into disuse. The Sunday school and a new body of teachers were at length introduced.

This led to the consideration of the second principle. Was the substitution an improvement? In answer to this question, the lecturer pointed out with great impartiality the disadvantages of the old method, on the one hand, such as the over-size of the class for one teacher,—the want of diversity in the exercises,—the mere question and answer without explanation or comment, which led to the fatal error of *mistaking word for thought*;—and on the other hand, provided the teachers were properly qualified, the advantages of the new system, by which the errors of the other were avoided,—the smallness of the class giving the teacher a full opportunity for completeness of explanation, and free conversation by which the curiosity of the children would be aroused,—their spiritual wants supplied,—and their interest kept alive by the variety of the exercises.

In this connexion he spoke of the vast importance of the office of the Sunday school; and answered some of the most popular objections to this mode of training the young. The *danger* of bringing their minds under the bondage of a creed, was considered as without foundation. The lecturer maintained that any attempt of the kind would be vain and fruitless. Inquiry and speculation could not be shunned. Children would ask questions; difficulties would be started; and truth sooner or later elicited. The Saviour in going to the Doctors at Jerusalem, 'hearing them, and *asking them questions*,' was to be regarded not so much as a prodigy, as a representative of *Childhood*. That beautiful provision of Providence, by which the old and prejudiced were removed from the world from time to time, and the wave of *fresh generations* were permitted to come in and improve the world, he considered as the great *restorative principle of human nature*. In this view he believed it would be fatal to those sects who should attempt to restrain its operation by the use of worn out creeds in the instruction of the truth-craving, and truth-loving young. In one aspect of this subject it was calculated in his opinion to excite the most serious apprehensions. If false ideas of religion were in this way to be communicated, and the young mind chained down to antiquated dogmas and formulas of faith; then when the period of reflection came, the whole subject of religion would become repulsive, and scepticism and disbelief the inevitable consequence. The folly of such an attempt was forcibly and ably set forth.

The elementary principles of religion, he said, were simple, and within the grasp of a child. We create a want for these truths. What then, the Lecturer asked, is our duty? Nothing less than that we provide a supply of food for the appetite which is thus created and a sufficient number of competent, suitable and skillful teachers. If we provoke them to hunger, it would be cruel to give them a stone for bread, or a serpent for a fish. The duty is clear therefore that we must provide this instruction. Are our Sunday school teachers competent to give it? This he said, was the test question. The value of the whole system turns upon this. If they are, the Institution is one of incalculable good. If not, it would be better that the Sunday school should be abolished and the children suffered to grow up in ignorance. The necessary qualifications of a Sunday school teacher were then determined. Knowledge and the power to communicate it, were in substance represented as those qualifications; and the Lecturer expressed his belief that these *can be* and *are* obtained by our Sunday school teachers. He maintained earnestly, that it was within the power of every minister to bring forward, qualify and prepare such a class for every school. It was they who should teach the teachers; it was they by whom frequent meetings for this purpose should be called and opened to all,—conversations at them should be entirely free, Biblical Knowledge should be thoroughly and systematically imparted, and thus an adequate supply of competent teachers would be provided. In this way a *theological seminary* might be established in every Parish, whose influence in promoting the cause of Christian truth would be of surpassing value.

In this connexion the appeal to his Brethren in the ministry was urgent, powerful and impressive. It was a duty and necessity laid upon them not to abandon their lambs; and the best way in which they could provide for them was in preparing a sufficient number of good and sufficient guardians in the teachers of their Sunday school.

In conclusion he addressed himself to teachers. He spoke of the happiness of those who rescue from the business of the world, time for the acquisition of secular knowledge, but happier far, were those he said, who in the delightful task, drink deeper than of mere worldly science, even of the

'Brook that ran fast by the throne of God.'

One other pleasure or power only is greater than the acquisition of knowledge; and that was the pleasure and power of imparting it. It was the privilege and blessedness of Sunday school teachers to share in this difficult, delicate, and important duty. If discharged with fidelity, their labor must not be in vain; but on the contrary would exercise a most important part in the formation of society, and the conversion of the world.

Thus, my friend, from the indisposition of the other Lecturer who had been engaged, this able discourse of Mr. Upham brings this course of Sunday school lectures to a close. You are much obliged, you repeat for these sketches of mine; outlines, skeletons I must call them; but you pertinently ask, cannot these lectures be procured, and published in a neat, little volume to be laid upon the table of every Sunday school teacher? They would be of great value; and it cannot be doubted that the directors of the society before whom they were delivered, will feel the importance of your query, and will feel disposed to lay themselves under still deeper obligations to the Lecturers by requesting that their very acceptable labors may be placed in such a form as to give them a more permanent and extensive influence over those for whom they were provided.

Yours ever, * * *

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

The March number of the Examiner is on our table.

We are glad to hear that Rev. William Ware has assumed the Editorial charge of this valuable Journal. We cordially wish him eminent success.

N. B. Two or three communications in Prose and Poetry are necessarily deferred.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

This is an excellent Book for Sunday Schools. In our own it is used in almost every class. A new edition is just published by J. S. Francis and S. G. Simpkins.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

This is a weekly journal, lately established in this city, and devoted to moral and entertaining literature, science and fine arts. It is embellished with music arranged for the piano forte, flute, &c. We have seen several numbers, which have been highly creditable to its conductors.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MR SAMUEL T. HILDRETH.

Died on Monday, February 11th, Mr Samuel T. Hildreth, aged 21.

A delicate hand and a feeling heart should combine to portray the gentle beauties of the spirit which has gone. To those who in the ties of friendship, in the happy intercourse of daily life and in the unity of effort and of aim, have enjoyed a communion with that pure and generous soul, the few words of public praise will indeed seem weak and worthless—They cannot adequately tell of hopes for the future, nurtured and strengthened by the loveliness of character which in early manhood had won the esteem and commanded the respect of all who came within its sunny influence—they may not speak of the affectionate hearts which leaped at the sound of that cheerful voice, and thrilled to the music of that merry laugh—they may not exhibit the delicacy of sympathy, the depth and the purity of love, which bound so many souls in exactest harmony—they will not attempt to declare the pangs involved in the rending of so many and long cherished ties—The grief of the mourner is too sacred for display—silence and retirement belong to the broken in spirit.—But a few and feeble words shall be offered as a tribute to the virtues and the loveliness of the one so early called; as an encouragment to those who would follow in his path and press on to his bright reward.

Mr Hildreth was a member of the class which graduated at Harvard University in 1837. Blessed with superior natural abilities he did not suffer his talents to lie idle, and throughout the course of his collegiate career sustained an elevated rank among his classmates and received in his turn the honors, due to his literary merit.—While the clearness and strength of his intellect and the extent and variety of his attainments insured to him the respect of his instructors and companions, the winning sweetness of his manners, the undisturbed amiability of his disposition, and the unsullied purity of his life and conversation attracted their warmest interests, which acquaintance and intercourse failed not to ripen into love—Joyous and full of kindness he never turned coldly from the scenes of rational amusement; pure and spotless in his innocence he never mingled in the scene of vice, or lent his countenance to the extravagancies of dissipation and the indulgences of passion—Himself endowed with the keenest sensibilities he never sought to wound the feelings of any fellow being, while his ready sympathy was willing to share, and if possible alleviate, all the sorrows which came within his view. He looked on Nature with a poet's eye, and read in all her glorious show the daily lessons of love and hope and faith. A Christian in belief, and better far a *Christian man* in deed, he hoped to serve his fellow men in the capacity of their spiritual teacher. But it has seemed good to his Father to shorten his probation here and take him to Himself. In company with one whom he loved in life, whose congenial spirit has been joined in affection as in labors with his, whose death he so lately mourned, and whose memory he so fondly cherished, in that blessed company he is now mingling in the angel bands, waiting to welcome us as he has been welcomed to Heaven. Let us then live in hope and not as wholly joyless—they are gone, but are not lost—we have parted with bitter tears, but we shall meet again.—

'They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,'
'All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Evil alone shall *die*.'

INTELLIGENCE.

Massachusetts Legislature.—Rev. Dr Codman, of Dorchester, has been elected to preach the next Election Sermon.

The Committee to whom was referred a message from the Governor and accompanying documents relative to the difficulties in Maine, have made a report approving of the course pursued by Maine, and resolving 'That this Commonwealth will co-operate with the state of Maine in all constitutional measures for the preservation of the interests of both States in lands in the disputed territory, and for the speedy adjustment of the existing controversy.' After much discussion, the resolves have passed both Houses by large majorities.

A bill has been reported by the Committee on the Western Rail Road, authorizing the issue of Scrip to the amount of $1,200,000, for the benefit of that road—passed to a second reading and ordered to be printed.

In convention of the two houses, the Hon. Geo. Grennell Jr. has been elected a Trustee of Amherst College, in place of Mr Fowler, resigned.

A bill is before the House, having passed to a third reading, relating to the manner of conducting Elections. It contains some new provisions respecting the time when the ballots may be received, renders imperative the checking off of the names, and provides that all ballots shall be given in unfolded.

Congress.—The Boundary Question.—The President sent a Message to Congress on Monday, in relation to the Northeastern Boundary question. It peremptorily denies the alleged agreement for exclusive jurisdiction by Great Britain, pending negotiation, over any part of the disputed territory; justifies therefore the course of the Governor of Maine; recommends moderation, but declares readiness to stand by him in what he has done; hopes for a pacific termination of the affair, and closes with a suggestion that Congress ought to take all necessary measures in the premises, so that an extra session of Congress may be prevented.

It immediately became the subject of discussion in both Houses, and was committed to the Committee on Foreign Affairs with great unanimity. On Wednesday evening he transmitted another message communicating a protocol, signed by the Secretary of State and the British Minister, proposing an agreement for the temporary adjustment of the difficulties on the Maine border.—*Transcript.*

The substance of the proposed agreement, in regard to the troops was, that on the part of New Brunswick the Government should not seek to expel the American troops near the Aroostook, by force; and that on their part the American troops should voluntarily withdraw beyond the bounds of the disputed territory, and that trespassers shall be restrained by an armed force of the two governments, acting in concert.

The Senate was addressed on the subject by Messrs. Williams of Maine, Preston, Davis, Webster, Brown of North Carolina, Walker and Calhoun. Mr Davis and Mr Webster were for the adoption of decided measures for the immediate settlement of the difficulty, on the basis of the treaty of 1783. Mr Webster spoke with great earnestness, and in conclusion declared it as his opinion, 'that Great Britain ought forthwith to be told, that unless she would agree to settle the question by the 4th of July next, according to the treaty of 1783, we would then take possession of that line, and let her drive us off if she can.'

The subject was discussed in the House on Saturday. The result of the discussion was the passage of a bill authorising the President, in case of necessity to raise 50,000 volunteers and militia, for the defence of the country, and to place a naval force on the lakes, in case of invasion—and appropriating $10,000,000 for carrying the first resolution into effect. This bill was passed by a vote of 201 to 6, in the House—and unanimously in the Senate,—and was immediately signed by the President.

The Saturday's session was continued till 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, when the two Houses adjourned to meet at ten o'clock. Though the House at first refused to meet on Sunday, yet, assent was at length given, and the two Houses met accordingly at ten, and remained in session till past midnight.

The Steam Ship Liverpool.—The proprietors of this ship have adopted the following proceedings in recognition of the humane interposition of the Collector of this port, for affording relief to the Liverpool steam ship, at the time when she might be approaching our coast in distress.

Transatlantic Steam Ship Company,
Office No. 24 Water street,
Liverpool, 2d Feb., 1839.

At a general meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, the subjoined were passed unanimously.

Resolved, That the grateful thanks of this Board be transmitted to the Collector of the port of Boston, U. S., for his attention and kindness, when on the occasion of the non-appearance of the 'Liverpool' at New York, at the days expected, he ordered a revenue cutter to proceed to sea with all necessary supplies. Though, providentially, such assistance was not required, the Directors rejoice in the opportunity of testifying their gratitude for such philanthropic conduct.

Resolved, That Messrs A. Bell & Co. be requested to convey the above resolution.

Signed. J. C. EWART, Chairman.

French ship Alexandre.—It appears by the last Newport Mercury, that letters have been received there recently from Dr Gourard, the French Consul at that Port, dated at Brest in January last, by which it is learnt that the suspicions of Dr G., that Piracy and Murder had been committed on board of the Alexandre, previous to her arrival at this Port, seem now to be fully confirmed, by an examination of a part of the crew of the ship.

Death of a Missionary.—A letter from Singapore of October 8th, mentions the death of Rev. Mr Mitchell, American missionary, on the 2d. of that month, in the 33d year of his age; and on the 5th, of an infant daughter of the Rev. Mr Orr, American missionary.

The Annual Sermon in behalf of the Samaritan Asylum for indigent Colored children will be preached in Marlboro' Chapel on Sunday evening March 10th, by Rev. Mr. Colver. Meeting to commence at 7 o'clock.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 28th ult. by Rev. Mr Young, Mr George H. Hastings, of Waitsfield, Vt. to Miss Nancy Tilden, of Belmont, Me.

In this city, at King's Chapel, by Rev. Mr Greenwood, Rev. Samuel A. Devens, of Charlestown, Ms. to Mrs Sarah A. W. Kennedy, daughter of the late William Taylor, Esq.

March 3, by Rev. Mr Ripley, Mr Andrew A. Weir, to Miss Elizabeth Reeves.

In Dorchester, by Rev. Nathaniel Hall, Mr Wm. Richardson, to Miss Charlotte Billings.

In Waltham, by Rev. Mr Ripley, Rev. Wm. H. Bradley to Miss Sarah H. Smith both of W.

At Marshfield, on Sunday last, by Rev. Mr Leonard, Mr Jeremiah Allen to Miss Mary Cudworth both of Boston.

In Newport, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Brooks, Mr David M. Coggeshall, jun. to Miss Catherine Shaw, daughter of Col. Richard Shaw, all of Newport.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Thursday evening, 28th ult. Miss Lydia H. Hayward, 49

In this city, Mr Daniel Watson, 54.

In South Boston, 2d inst. Mr Joseph Hudson, 69.

In Baltimore, 1st inst, Miss Mary Hyde, 84, formerly of Roxbury, Mass.

In Herefordshire, Eng. 27th Jan. Lady Coffin Greenly, 67, wife of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.

In Demerara, Jan. 17, Mr John B. Tremlett, of Boston, 46.

In Canton, China, Sept. 30, Capt. Ezra Chaffee, master of ship Ceylon, 42, formerly of New Bedford.

AMERICAN FRUIT GARDEN COMPANION.—Being a Practical Treatise on the Propagation and Culture of different varieties of Fruit adapted to the Northern and Middle States, by E. Sayers—author of the Flower Garden Companion, Cultures, &c. of the Vine, &c. &c. This work, as its title import is designed to be a cheap and useful companion to every cultivator of fruit, containing directions from a practical gardner, concerning the culture, selection, training, grafting, heading, planting, pruning, supporting, watering, protecting, guarding, layering, etc. of fruit trees, in the nursery and in the field. Also, the culture and forcing grapes, and various kinds of berries, etc. etc.—in press, and will be out in a few weeks. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. M 9

THE MINISTRY AT LARGE IN BOSTON. The Principles and Results of the Ministry at Large in Boston. By Joseph Tuckerman, 1 vol 12mo

'That a higher order of ideas or principles is beginning to be unfolded; that a wide philanthropy is beginning to triumph over the distinction of ranks and nations; that a new feeling of what is due to the ignorant, poor and depraved has sprung up; that the right of every human being to such an education as shall call forth his best faculties, and train him more and more to control himself, is recognised as it never was before, who can deny? To me all this is prophetic of an improved condition of human nature, and of human affairs.'—Channing's Discourses, pp. 163, 4.

Published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street, opposite School street. march 9

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS, 101 State street, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense. jan 13 ietf

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL LIBRARY—*Fifty Volumes*—Published under the direction of the American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, (incorporated by the State of New York, May 16th, 1837.)

This Library will include in the range of its subjects works in the various departments of knowledge most interesting and useful to the great body of the people, including history, voyages and travels, biography, natural history, the physical, intellectual, moral, and political sciences, agriculture, manufactures, arts, commerce, the belles lettres, and the history and philosophy of education.

Fifty volumes now published, embellished with engravings—neatly bound in cambric, uniform, which, with a book case, may be obtained at TICKNOR'S. march 9

A BOOK OF THE PASSIONS—By G. P. R. James, Esq.: illustrated with sixteen splendid engravings, from drawings by the most eminent Artists under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. This day received and for sale at TICKNOR'S, Corner of Washington and School streets. march 2

CAPTAIN KYD; or the Wizard of the Sea. By the author of Lafitte, Burton, &c. 2 vols. Just published, for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. march 9

BIBLES.—Quarto and Pocket Bibles, some in rich Bindings, for sale at a low price by
JOSEPH DOWE,
m9 22 Court street.

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No. 1. Social Amusement, or Holiday at Aunt Adela's Cottage. 'This is a beautiful volume, just published. It is a translation from the French, giving a description of various games and sports, with stories in prose and verse. It is embellished with a variety of handsome cuts.'

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Fifty volumes now published, embellished with engravings—neatly bound in cambric, uniform, which, with a book case, may be obtained for *Twenty Dollars*.

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VALUABLE COLLECTION OF ENGLISH BOOKS—LITTLE & BROWN have this day received by the 'Binney, the following works: Kirby & Spence's Entomology, 4to. last ed. 4 vols., Drummond's Letters to a Young Naturalist, 12 mo. Lardner's Cyclopedia Biography and natural history, complete, Shackard's Entomology, Macray's Specimens German Poets, Burnet on the Education of the Eye, Zoology of the Voyage of His Majesty's ship Beagle, 4to., Rebrche's Ear, Debretts' Peerage, Frampton on Life assurance, Jesse's Gleanings, vols., Bonaparte's Birds of Europe and America, Marshall on Coins, Pictorial Book of Common Prayer, Annals of British Associations, vol. 6, Johnson's Zoophytes, Southey's Works, The Doctor, vol 5, Brougham's Speeches, 4 vols, Ludley's Flora Medica, Wood on Rail Roads, Smith's Zoology of South Africa, 4to., Thompson's Life of Moore, Patterson's History of Insects, Kirby's Insects, 4to., Colridge's Friend, new edition, 3 vols, Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Milne's Poems, Lairy's Norway, Cook's Spain, Stock's Treatise on Non Compos, Wills on Circumstantial Evidence, Burges's Conflict of Laws, 4 vols. 8vo, Lyell's Elements of Geology, 1 vol, Milman's Gibbon, 9 vols, Almon's Treatise, Anderson's Rural Recreations, 6 vols, David's Antiquties of Herculaneum, 14 vols, 4to, Beaumont & Fletcher and Ben. Johnson, 4 vols, Harrington's Oceana, &c. folio, Herrick's Poems, 2 vols, Johnson's Works, 12 vols, Ben. Johnson, 8 vols, 8vo. Gifford, Dryden's Lucien, 4 vols, Mauria Indian Antiquities, 7 vols, Todd's Milton, 7 vols, 8vo, Newton's do. 4 vols, Monstrelet's Chronicles, 13 vols, Puffendorf by Bapebraye, fol, Rabelais, 5 vols, Dodsley's Old Plays, 12 vols, Danton's Life, Hearne's Journey, 4to, Hardwick's State Papers, 4 vols, 4to, Anderson's Poets 14 vols, royal 8vo, Burdu's Oriental Customs, 2 vols, Mammatt's Fossil Remains, &c. 4to, Pamphleteer complete, Sully's Memoirs, Old Plays, 6 vols, Akerman's Coins, 2 vols, Flaxman's Homer, Æschylus, &c. 4 vols, 4to, Chaucer, 3 vols, Howell's State Papers, 34 vols, royal 8vo, Scott's edition of Swift, 19 vols, Thompson's Annals of Philosophy, 27 vols, Dodsley's Annual Register, 75 vols, Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, Bosworth's Anglo Saxon Dictionary 8vo, Somerville Connexion of the Science, Babbidge's 9th Bridgewater Treatise, 8vo, Eusebi as Ecclesiastical Mudies Physical Man, Sir Wm Temple, 4 vols, &c. m 9

BUCKMINSTER'S SERMONS. In press, and will be ready for sale in a few weeks, Sermons, by the late Joseph Buckminster, in two volumes 12 mo. with a portrait. The first volume has been out of print for several years, when to be had is often sold for five dollars the volume. JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington opposite School street.

GREENFIELD HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE Trustees have the pleasure to announce to the public that this school will be opened on the first Wednesday in May next, under the superintendance of Rev. L. L. Langstroth, late Principal of the Female Seminary at Andover. The Trustees are enabled to assure the community, that the Principal and his assistants have their entire confidence, and are among the most accomplished teachers in New England. It has ever been their intention that the school should be of the first class; and they now express their conviction that there are few places in our land that afford more facilities for a young Lady to obtain a thorough and accomplised education.

Accommodations are provided in the family of the Principal for about thirty boarders. The school is situate in the valley of the Connecticut, in one of its most pleasant villages which contains places of religious worship for Congregationalists, Unitarians, Episcopalians and Methodists, at either of which the young Ladies will attend as requested by their parents. Any farther information will be promptly given on application to either of the subscribers.

ELIJAH ALVORD,
GEORGE GRENNELL, JR.
FRANKLIN RIPLEY,
DANIEL WELLS, } Trustees.
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JAMES C. ALVORD,

We are permitted to refer to Rev. George W. Blagden, Rev. John Stone, Rev. George Ripley, Boston; Rev. Mr Chickering, Portland.

Greenfield, Mass. Feb. 20th. 1839.

☞The Christian Mirror, Portland, will please publish this three weeks. m 7

TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

The great success which has attended their treatment of Diseases, and the propriety of Ladies consulting one of their own sex, render any argument in favor of their practice unnecessary.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Advice GRATIS. jan 19

POETRY.

NIGHT AT SEA.

BY L. E. L.

[Written by the unfortunate lady on her passage to [Cape Coast with her husband.]

The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A royal color, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming,
Thro' the slight vapor trembles each dim star;
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed,
Till the long vigil that I now am keeping,
I did not know how much you were beloved.
How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!
Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has speeded,
And memory wears a soft accusing brow.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love.
They shine not there, as here they now are shining,
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do ye sleep?
O'er each home pillow, midnight is declining,
May some kind dream at last my image keep?
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm, to-day could never
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till it parts
How it turns back with tenderest endeavor
So fix the past within the heart of hearts.
Absence is full of memory, it teaches
The value of all old familiar things:
The strengthener of affection, while it reaches
O'er the dark parting, with an angel's wings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth,
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge whence has power its birth.
How oft on some strange loveliness while gazing
Have I wished for you,—beautiful as new,
The purple waves like some wild army raising
Their snowy banners as the ships cut through.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Bearing upon its wing the hues of morning,
Up springs the flying fish, like life's false joy,
Which of the sunshine asks the frail adorning
Whose very light is fated to destroy.
Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion,
Spring from the depth of an unkindly world;
So spring sweet fancies from the heart's dominion,—
Too soon in death the scorched up wing is furled
My friends, my absent friends!
Whate'er I see is linked with thoughts of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters
Are creatures, huge and terrible and strong,
The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slaughter,
War universal reigns these depth along.
Like some new island on the ocean springing,
Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,
From its vast head a silver fountain flinging
Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.
My friends, my absent friends!
I read such fary legends while with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvass spreading,
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,
From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shedding
The softest influence that o'er night prevails,
Pale is she, like a young queen pale with splendor,
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep;
The very glory that she wears is tender,
The eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is over-cheerful, when the morning
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;
The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.
Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather
Calls into life the energies of earth;
But memory and moonlight go together,
Reflected in the light that either brings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hushed, no sounds are waking
But the watch pacing silently and slow;
The waves against the sides incessant breaking,
And rope and canvass swaying to and fro.
The topmast sail seems some dim pinnacle
Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;
While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
The only light on board to guide us—where?
My friends, my absent friends!
Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship the moonbeams shimmer
In luminous vibration sweeps the sea,
But where the shadow falls, a strange pale glimmer
Seems glow-worm like amid the waves to be.
All that the spirit keeps of thought and feeling,
Takes visionary hues from such an hour;
But while some fantasy is o'er me stealing,
I stort, rememberance has a keener power.
My friends, my absent friends!
From the fair dream I start to think of you!

A dusk line in the moonlight I discover,
What all day long I vainly sought to catch:
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch?
No! well the sailor knows each speck appearing,
Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand.
To that dusk line our eager ship is steering;
Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall land.

(From the N. Y. Literary Gazette.)

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee;
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou may'st press in wo,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

O! revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver grey,
Too early death, led on by care,
May snatch, save one dear lock away.
O! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That heaven may long the stroke deter,
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

MISCELLANEOUS.

FANCY WORK.

A friend told me an anecdote the other day with which I was a little amused, and I trust somewhat profited. May I relate it to you? Two chimney-sweepers met once in Boston, and after the usual salutations, a brief dialogue took place, for substance as follows:

'Do you know Tom Brown?'

'O yes, I know him very well.'

'Well, what do you think of him—I mean what kind of a workman is he? Does he understand our business?'

'Why, I tell you Sam, he'll do pretty well on plain work; but as for cleaning out crevices and corners, and such kinds of *fancy work*, he don't understand it—he is no workman at that.'

As I mused on this brief colloquy, it struck me that the self-complacency of the poor sweep, as he thought of his own skill in 'fancy work,' and looked on Tom Brown as quite below him, was not unlike what we often see in men of other classes.

In yonder genteel mansion lives a Doctor of Divinity, whose church is every Sabbath crowded with all manner of rich, and fashionable, and influential people. 'Doctor,' said I, the other day, 'what do you think of the Rev. Mr. Homily, of Mechanicsville?' 'Why, sir,' replied the Doctor, 'he is a very good man *for that place*. He will do for 'plain work,' holding forth to the common people; but as for 'fancy work'—such as preaching to a congregation like mine—he does not understand it. He is not fit for such work. A congregation like mine, you know, Mr. Oldfellow, must have a preacher who can do 'fancy work.'

In Centretown, a large and growing place, the Rev. Mr. Talkwell was lately settled. He thought once of going on a foreign mission. But he was at length convinced that his services were needed in this country. Almost any body, he thought, could do the 'plain work' of a foreign mission, while comparatively few could like himself do the 'fancy work' of the ministry here—that is to say, please the ears of the people in the chief towns and villages. He concluded to stay at home, and do 'fancy work.'

The good people of Spindleborough, a large manufacturing village, once sent a committee to a certain theological seminary, to find a preacher for them. I happened to know something about the instructions given to this committee. Little was said about soundness in the faith, and less about personal piety. But they were charged to get a man who could do 'fancy work.' 'A plain sort of man,' said the people, 'such as would answer for the church in Farmersville, for example, will not do for us. It will not be enough that a man is learned and pious, and preaches with solemnity, and clearness and pungency; he must be a very popular man—he must be able to do 'fancy work,'—or he will not answer for such a large and growing place as ours.'

I have understood, Mr. Thinker, that now-a-days almost all the destitute churches look for a man who can do 'fancy work', and are determined to call no other.

The Rev. Mr. Goodman, the pastor of a church in New England, once asked a dismission from his people. A council was called; and it soon appeared that his people wished to get rid of him, rather than he of his people. The following dialogue took place between the Moderator of the Council, and one of the Deacons of the church:

Moderator. Why, Deacon Allthings, do you wish to have your pastor leave you? Is he not a godly man?

Deacon Allthings. That he is; I rejoice to say it. We are all 'witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblamably,' he has behaved himself among us.

Mod. What is the matter, then? Does he not preach the truth?

Deacon A. He does, very fully and clearly. He has 'kept back nothing that was profitable' to us. He has 'not shunned to declare unto us the whole counsel of God.'

Med. Has he been deficient in private labors?

Deacon A. Not at all. He has not only taught us 'publicly' but 'from house to house.' He has been 'instant in season, out of season.'

Mod. Well, then he is a cold, unfeeling preacher?

Deacon A. Far from it. It can truly be said of him, he has 'ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears.'

Mod. Do tell us, then, Deacon Allthings, why you wish to get rid of him.

Deacon A. Why, sir, Mr. Goodman is a pious, worthy minister; he is very faithful, and I love him much; but it somehow happens that he is not popular. He fails, as a body may say, in 'fancy work.' Ours is a growing place; and we think it important to have a *smarter* man—a man who will draw in more of the young people and the men of influence. We must have a man who is good at 'fancy work.' So all our leading men think—'squire Mittimus, and Mr. Bolus, and Mr. Yardstick the rich merchant, and Judge Mandamus: and, to speak plainly, I think so too.

The Rev. Mr. Goodman was dismissed.

Mr. Fairspeech, a rich merchant, and a particular friend of mine, lately moved into your city. Soon after his settlement there, I had a conversation with him, the substance of which I will give you.

Self. Well, brother Fairspeech, which of the New York churches do you think of joining? I have been told there are several new churches—formed with special reference to the wants of the city—with reference particularly to the multitudes who neglect public worship. I hope you will join one of them, especially as they are feeble, and greatly need accession of the right kind.

Mr. Fairspeech. Why, as to joining one of those churches, Friend Oldfellow, I have my doubts. It is one of their leading objects, I understand, to operate on the poor and ignorant. And such 'plain work,' you know, almost any body can do. Such plain men as Harlan Page can do it quite as well as I. But in the older congregations, especially those made up chiefly of the rich and fashionable, there is a great deal of 'fancy work' to be done, of which most men would be wholly incapable. An influence is to be exerted over the higher classes—an influence of a very peculiar kind. For this—between ourselves—I consider myself admirably fitted. I think I shall go into one of the older churches, and do 'fancy work.'—*C. Witness.*

THE PAWNBROKER.

Visiting a pawnbroker's shop in Chatham street for the purpose of redeeming some articles left by an unfortunate friend, the following circumstance arrested my attention.

A middle-aged man entered with a bundle, on which he asked a small advance, and which, on being opened, was found to contain a shawl and two or three other articles of female apparel. The man was stout and sturdy, and, as I judged from appearance, a mechanic; but the mark of the destroyer was on his bloated countenance and his heavy stupid eyes. Intemperance had marked him for her own. The pawnbroker was yet examining the offered pledge, when a woman, whose pale face and attenuated form bespoke long, intimate acquaintance with sorrow, came hastily into the shop, and with the single exclamation. 'Oh Robert!' darting to that part of the counter where the the man was standing. Words were not wanted to explain her story, her miserable husband, not satisfied with wasting his own earnings, and leaving her to starve with her children, had descended to the meanness of even plundering her wardrobe, and the pittance for obtaining of which this robbery would furnish the means, was destined to be squandered at a tippling-house. A blush of shame arose even upon his degraded face, but it quickly passed away; the brutal appetite prevailed, and the better feeling, that had apparently stirred within him for the moment, soon gave way before its diseased and insatiate cravings.

'Go home,' was his harsh and angry exclamation; what brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding? Go home and mind your own business.

'Oh Robert, dear Robert!' answered the unhappy wife, 'don't pawn my shawl'. Our children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them. Or let me have the money; it is hard to part with that shawl, for it was my mother's gift, but I will let it go rather than see my children starve.—Give me the money, Robert, and don't leave us to perish.

I watched the face of the pawnbroker, to see what effect this appeal would have upon him, but I watched in vain. He was hardened to distress, and had no sympathy to throw away. 'Twelve shillings on these,' he said, tossing them back to the drunkard with a look of pefect indifference.

'Only twelve shillings!' murmured the heart-broken wife, in a tone of despair. 'Oh Robert, dont let them go for twelve shillings. Let me try somewhere else.'

'Nonsense,' answered the brute. 'It is as much as they're worth I suppose. Here, Mr. Crimp, give us the change.'

The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to a drawer. The woman reached forth her hand toward the silver, but the movement was anticipated by her husband. 'There, Mary,' he said giving her half a dollar 'there, go home now, and don't make a fuss. I'm going a little way up street, and perhaps I'll bring you something from market when I come home.'

The hopeless look of the poor woman, as she meekly turned to the door, told plainly enough how little she trusted to this ambiguous promise. They went on their way—she to her famished children, and he to squander the dollar he had retained.—*Scenes from real life.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE LILY'S QUEST.

The following lines are merely a paraphrase of the beautiful apologue which has been so sweetly told in prose by the author of Twice-told Tales.

There were two gentle beings who had twined
Their hearts together in the bands of love;
And as the time aproached in which those bands
Were to be sanctified in wedded vows,
They planned a temple which should stand amidst
The old ancestral groves which grew around
The youth's paternal home. This was the place
Where they might sit the live long summer day,
Weaving bright dreams of future happiness.
Here would they meet the loved and cherished ones,
The friends of early youth. Here would they sing,
And here the maid would tune her light guitar,
Or read the passionate tales of other lands.

It was a lovely eve in which they strayed
Through the long avenue of drooping elms,
To seek a spot whereon this shrine might rise;
But as they passed beneath the spreading trees,
Close to their footsteps came a shadowy form
Clothed in the sombre garb which mourners wear,
And with a smile on its unearthly face
Telling of strange, unquiet thoughts within.
His presence brought a chill upon their joy,
But yet their hearts were all too kind to bid
The dreamer take another path.

His life
Had been one scene of gloom, and the strong mind
Had sunk beneath the weight of earthly woes;
And now a maniac, old Walter Gascoigne
Had linked himself and his dark, shadowy fate
With the bright fortunes of this gentle pair,
And followed all their steps. Oh! Hope and joy,
How often Sorrow thus hath followed ye!

They reached a lovely spot; and here the maid,
The gentle Lilias, paused and looked around.
Here was the shelter of a rising hill,
And there a silver lake in distance gleamed.
There rose an old church tower—and here again
Sweet, sheltered pathways led toward their home.
'What lovelier spot than this can meet our gaze?
Oh! dearest, let us build the temple here!'
'Not here—not here!' their sad companion cried,—
And then he told a dreary, dismal tale
Of woes that once were known upon that spot,
Of a lone dwelling that had once stood here,
And of a strange mysterious fate that held
Its inmates all in bondage. So they passed
With a long shudder from this lovely place,
And strait another sought, and many spots as fair,
Rose in their pathway, yet where'er they paused,
Feeling their object must at last be gained,
The sad, sepulchral voice of that old man
Came like a warning from the dreary tomb,
And still it said in accents wild, 'Not here!'
One spot, he told them, was the guilty scene
Of a dark murder. Here a mother's heart
Had broken while she knelt before the child
Who cast her from him. Here a desolate one
Had prayed to evil spirits, and became
As one of them, a fiend upon the earth.
Here had a new born infant once been found
With the fresh impress of a guilty hand
Around its innocent throat; and 'neath that oak,
The lightning's flash had struck two lovers dead.

So a sad tale seemed blent with every place
The lovers fancied; till at last they came
To a calm spot, amid a group of trees;
And though they both exclaimed as with one voice,
'This is the place—we build our temple here,'
They looked with awe upon that stricken face,
To see if even here there were no guilt,
No tale of woe or shame that might prevent.

But the fare 'gave no sign';—and so, ere long,
The Temple grew within that shaded nook,
Its graceful columns and its vaulted dome
Rising beneath those old ancestral trees,
And the fair maiden and the stern old man
Each watched its growth alike, with eager eyes,
But now the fair girl drooped—and her pale cheek
Looked so like that frail flower, whose sweet, pure name
Resembled hers, that the fond lover caught
Poetic inspiration from her looks,
And fondly called her 'Lily.'—Day by day
The lily faded, and the very morn
On which they meant to dedicate their shrine,
She was found dead within its marble walls!
And this fair temple, where so many hopes
Had clustered round, was now to be a tomb,
For the sad lover in his passionate grief
Willed that it should be thus. And lo! beneath
Its floor was found an ancient sepulchre
Forgotten years ago. The gentle Lily
Was hither brought, and as the funeral group
Were gathered round, there came that wild old man,
And to the mourning youth, his lips gave forth
'A bitter taunt that he could find no place
To rear his shrine of Joy, but on a grave!

But as he spake, a cheering vision came
Into the heart of the bereaved, and threw
A sunny gleam of Hope and Joy around.
Here was the mystery of Life and Death
Opened at once to mortal sight, and now,
Through the dark shadows of the grave, he saw
A glimpse of Heaven—the mystery was gone,—
The lover gazed upon the glittering beam
Of sunshine which illumed that dreary vault.
'Joy, joy!' he cried, 'eternal Joy for us!
Though our loved Temple stand upon a grave,
Eternal Happiness is ours beyond
This earthly sphere!' He turned again to mark
The old man's look, as the sign he read,
But he had vanished. Here he might not stay,
Now the dark riddle which he came to bear
To poor humanity was brightly solved.

S. A. N.

CHEMICAL AND OPTICAL DISCOVERY.

(From the Paris Constitutionnel.)

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Arago announced one of the most important discoveries in the fine arts that have distinguished the present century, the author of which has already acquired universal reputation by his miraculous diorama—M. Daguerre. It is well known that certain chemical substances, such as chlorate of silver, have the property of changing their color by the mere contact of light; and it is by a combination of this nature that M. Dagurre has succeeded in fixing upon paper prepared with it the rays that are directed on the table of the camera obscura, and rendering the optical tableau permanent. The exact representation of whatever objects this instrument is directed to is, as everybody is aware, thrown down with vivid colors upon the white prepared to receive them, and the rays of light that are thus reflected have the power of acting in the way above alluded to on chlorate of silver, or certain preparations of it. In this manner an exact representation of light and shade of whatever object may be wished to be viewed is obtained with the precise accuracy of nature herself, and it is stated to have all the softness of a fine aquatint engraving. M. Daguerre had made this discovery some years ago, but he had not then succeeded in making the alteration of color permanent on the chemical substance. This main desideratum he has now accomplished, and in this manner has been able, among other instances, to make a permanent chemical representation of the Louvre, taken from the Pont des Arts. M. Arago, in commenting upon this most extraordinary discovery, observed, that a patent would be by no means able to preserve the rights of the discoverer sufficiently to reward him for his efforts; and he therefore urged the propriety of an application being made to the legislature for a grant of public money as a recompense. M. Biot, on the same occasion, compared M. Daguerre's discovery to the retina of the eye, the objects being represented on one and the other surface with almost equal accuracy.

What is the secret of the invention? What is the substance endowed with such astonishing sensibility to the rays of light, that it not only penetrates itself with them, but preserves their impression; performs at once the function of the eye and of the optic nerve—the material instrument of sensation, and the sensation itself? In good sooth we know nothing about it. Figure to yourself, says a Parisian contemporary, a mirror which, after having received your image, gives you back your portrait, indelible as a picture, and a much more exact resemblance.—Such is the miracle invented by M. Daguerre. His pictures do not produce color, but only outline, the lights and shadows of the model. They are not paintings, they are drawings; but drawings pushed to a degree of perfection that art never can reach.

One has heard of writing by steam, but *drawing by sunshine* (or moonshine) is a novelty for which the world is indebted to M. Daguerre, of Paris, the diorama painter. M. Arago and M. Biot, who have made reports to the Academy of Sciences on the effects of M. Daguerre's discovery, have given up all attempts to define its causes. The complaisance of the inventor has permitted us to see these *chefs d'œuvre*, where nature has delineated herself. At every picture placed before our eyes we were in admiration. What perfection of outline—what effects of *chiaro oscura*—what delicacy—what finish! But how can we be assured that this is not the work of a clever draughtsman? As a sufficient answer, M. Daguerre puts a magnifying glass in our hand. We then see the minutest folds of drapery, the lines of a landscape, invisible to the naked eye. In the mass of buildings accessories of all kinds, imperceptible accidents, of which the view of Paris from the Pont des Arts is composed, we distinguish the smallest details, we count the stones of the pavement, we see the moisture produced by rain, we read the sign of a shop. Every thread of the luminous tissue has passed from the object to the surface retaining it. The impression of the image takes place with greater or less rapidity, according to the intensity of the light; it is produced quicker at noon than in the morning or evening, in a summer than in a winter. M. Daguerre has hitherto made his experiments only in Paris; and in the most favorable circumstances they have always been too slow to obtain complete results, except on still or inanimate nature. Motion escapes him, or leaves only vague and uncertain traces. It may be presumed that the sun of Africa wou'd give him instantaneous images of natural objects in full life and action.

THE PARIS GAMBLING HOUSES.

The action brought by a banker against the farmer general of the lately closed gambling houses to recover 107,340 francs, lost at Prascati's by one of his clerks, has elicited much curious information. After the evidence, proving that upwards of 730,000 persons were admitted, and 800,000,000 francs yearly played in the seven 'hells,' the defendant labored to show that if exulting bulletins were hourly transmitted to him, announcing the arrival of high players and their successive losses, his paternal solicitude excluded all such as his contract with the city of Paris prohibited him from receiving. Thus, in 1837, the last year of the existence of these creditable establishments, 49,403 persons were rejected, viz:—19,710 minors, 6,346 students, 105 door-keepers, or office messengers, 18 females in male attire, 11,058 servants and workmen, 1,910 intoxicated men, 9,125 ill dressed persons, 1,130 stopped by the police. The admission and exclusions were superintended by eleven commissioners, appointed by the farmer-general, whose combined vigilance and sagacity could scarcely frustrate the stratagems resorted to by gamblers. Thus, one day, an old gentleman, with a snow white wig, spectacles over his nose, and his decayed frame propped by a gold headed cane, turned out, on closer examination, to be a very young and very pretty woman. On another occasion, a blind gentleman was led by his *valet de chambre*, when the latter proved a student of the ecclesiastical seminary. A clerk of M. M. Berthoud's firm contrived to get in unperceived. On his exhibiting a bundle of bank-notes, he was questioned, and his employers being sent for, they recovered 45,000f. M. Milleret recovered in the same manner 80,000, which a *confidential* agent of his bank was about to gamble with, and the late Duke de Duras, on receiving due notice, hastened to one of the Palais Royal houses, in time to intercept a sum which one of his servants was transferring from his master's pocket to the coffers of the state, city of Paris.

Anecdotes of the celebrated Dr Parr.—Mr Gardner records, from Dr Parr's own lips, that celebrated scholar's rebuke of Sir James Mackintosh, who had said that O'Coighly richly deserved his fate, since it was impossible to conceive of a greater scoundrel. 'By no means, Jamie,' said the Doctor: 'it is very possible to conceive of a greater scoundrel. He was an Irishman; he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest; he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor; he might have been an apostate!' The following is characteristic:

'The Doctor was very proud of his bells and his choir, and always encouraged them to sing a long hymn or an anthem before sermon, during which he used to steal into the vestry and get his pipe.—When they had done, the clerk informed him, and if he had not finished, he would say, 'John, tell them to sing the two last verses over again; my people love singing, and I love smoking.' It mattered not what part of the service he was in, his colloquial style would now and then break out. A farming man, coming in rather late, the Doctor stopped short, and said, 'John, how many times am I to tell you not to stump up the aisle in those hob nailed shoes?'

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